

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

PART ONE



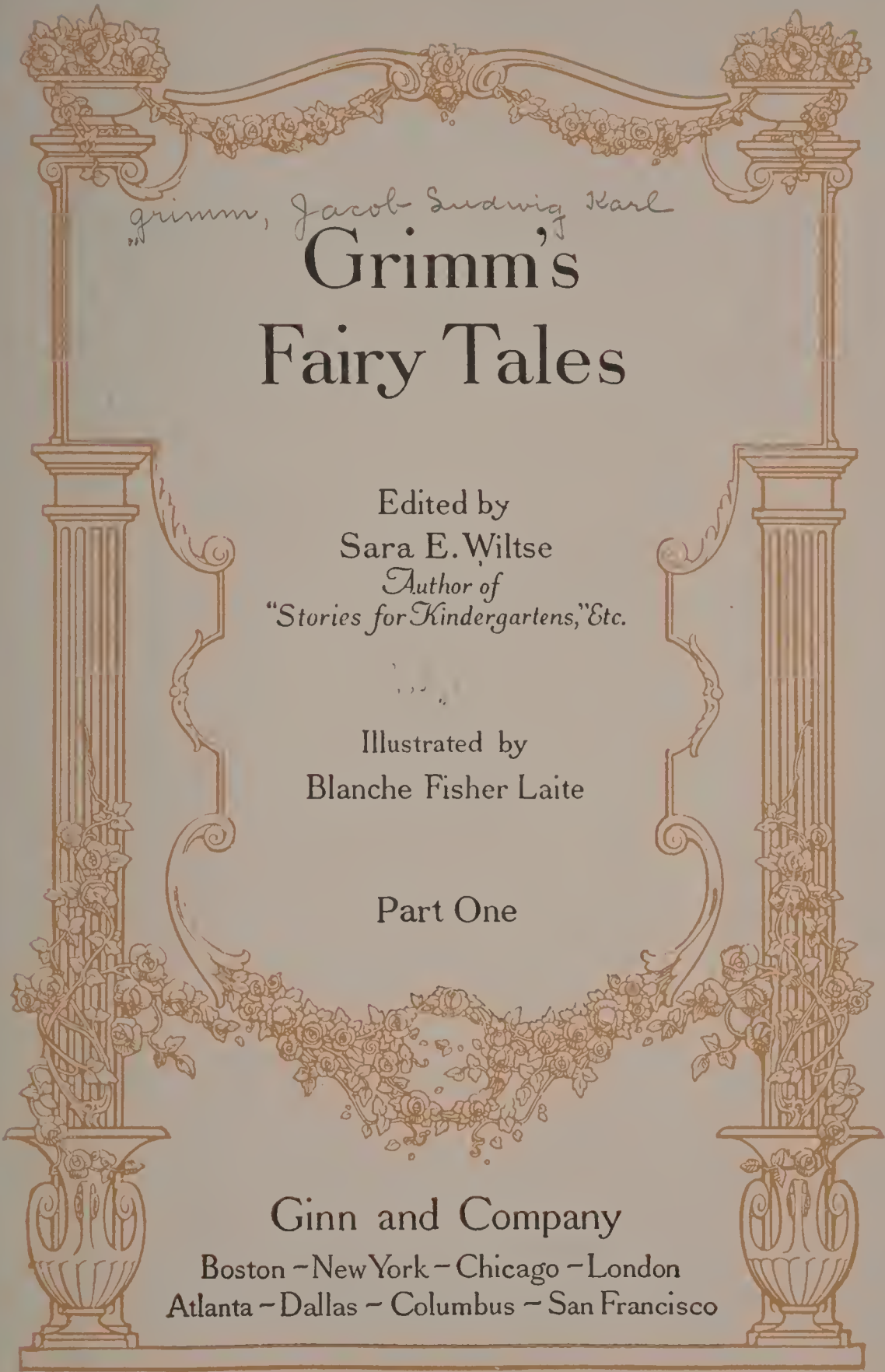


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Grimm's Fairy Tales

Edited by
Sara E. Wiltse
Author of
"Stories for Kindergartens," Etc.

Illustrated by
Blanche Fisher Laite

Part One

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PREFACE

FOR this new edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales we have endeavored to select from the classic folk tales collected by the Grimm brothers those which are most suitable for children. To the stories contained in Part I of our former work have been added others, all of which are presented in simple narrative form with beautiful illustrations by Blanche Fisher Laite.

Tales showing kindness to animals and illustrating the unity of life under various conditions, those foreshadowing steam and electric power, and dramas of conscience, duty, and will have been included; while those containing such features as cruel stepmothers, unnatural fathers, and magic interposition in favor of idlers and tricksters have been omitted. In short this volume is designed to delight and instruct the young reader and to be representative of the spirit of the Grimm brothers, who made immortal the folk tales they loved.

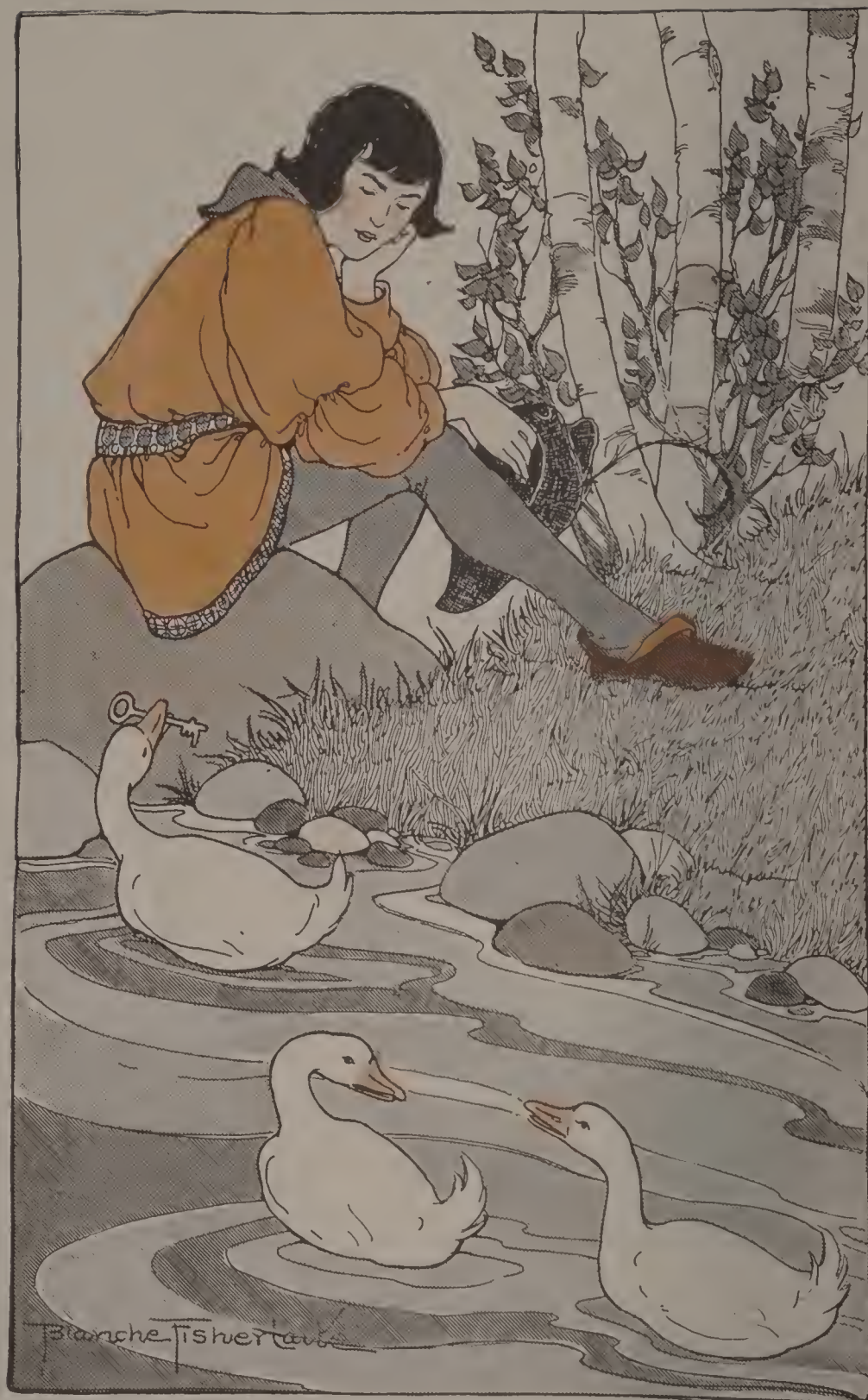
SARA E. WILTSE

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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

PART I





THE QUEEN BEE

ONCE upon a time two sons of a king set out to see the world and fell into such a wild kind of life that they did not return home. So their youngest brother, Dummling, went to seek them, but when he found them they mocked him because of his simple manners. However, they took him with them.

After a time they came to an ant hill. This the two older brothers would have torn in pieces, to see the little ants run away with their eggs, but Dummling said, "Let the little creatures live in peace; I will not let you hurt them."

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Then they went along until they came to a lake, on which ducks were swimming in great numbers. The two brothers wanted to catch a pair and roast them, but Dummling would not allow it, saying, "Let these fowls alone; I will not let you kill them!"

At last they came to a nest of wild bees, in which was so much honey that it was running out at the mouth of the nest. The two brothers would have killed the bees and spoiled the nest for the sake of their honey, but Dummling again held them back, saying, "Leave the bees alone; I will not let you hurt them!"

After this the three brothers came to a castle, in the stable of which stood a number of stone horses, but no man was to be seen. They went through all the rooms of the castle until they came to a door on which hung three locks, and

THE QUEEN BEE

in the middle of the door was a hole through which one could see into a room. Peeping through this hole, they saw a fierce-looking man sitting at a table. They called him once, twice, but he did not hear; the third time they called he got up, opened the door, and came out. Not a word did he speak, but led them to a well-set table, and when they had eaten he took each of them into a sleeping-room.

The next morning the man went to the oldest brother and led him to a stone table on which three sentences were written.

The first was that under the moss in the wood lay the pearls of a king's daughter, a thousand in number. These must be sought; and if at sunset even one was wanting, he who had looked for them would be changed into stone.

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The eldest brother went off and hunted the whole day, but he found only a hundred. So it happened to him as the table had said—he was changed into stone. The next day the second brother went, but he did no better than the other, for he found but two hundred pearls, and he was turned into stone. Then came Dummling's turn. He searched in the moss, but the pearls were so hard to find that he sat down upon a stone and wept. While he was weeping, the ant king, whose life he had once saved, came to him with five thousand ants, and before very long they found and piled in a heap the whole thousand pearls.

The second sentence was to fetch the key of the princess's sleeping-room out of a lake which the brothers had passed. When Dummling returned to the lake,

THE QUEEN BEE

the ducks whose lives he had saved swam toward him, and diving below the water, quickly brought up the key.

The third sentence, however, was the hardest of all. Of the three daughters of the king he must pick out the youngest and prettiest. They were all asleep and looked alike, without a single mark by which to tell them apart, except that before they fell asleep they had eaten three kinds of sweets—the eldest a piece of sugar, the second a little sirup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey. But in came the queen of all the bees that Dummling had saved.

She instantly settled on the mouth which had eaten the honey, and thus the king's son knew the right princess. The spell was broken; everyone awoke; and Dummling was given a kingdom as his reward.



RUMPELSTILTSKEN

BY THE side of a wood in a far-away country ran a stream of water beside which there stood a mill. The miller's house was built on the bank of the stream.

Now the miller had a beautiful daughter who was not only beautiful but very sensible. The miller was so proud of her that one day he told the king, who sometimes hunted in the wood, that his daughter was so clever that she could spin gold out of straw, or silver out of hemp.

RUMPELSTILTSKEN

It so happened that this king
for of money, and when he
miller's boast his greed was
that he sent for the girl to
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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

straw to bewail her hard fate.
Then the door opened and in
a looking little man who said:
"Welcome to you, my lass. Why

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RUMPELSTILTSKEN

And round about the wheel went merrily. The work was quickly done, and the coarse straw was changed into a heap of spun gold.

When the king saw this he was greatly pleased, but his heart grew still more greedy of pelf, and he set the poor miller's daughter to a fresh task.

She knew not what to do and again sat down to weep. Again the dwarf opened the door and said, "What will you give me to do your task?"

"The ring on my finger," the girl gladly answered.

So the dwarf took the ring and again began work, whistling and singing as the wheel turned:

"Round about, round about,
Lo and behold!
Spin away, spin away,
Straw into gold!"

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Long before morning all was done, every straw having been changed into a glittering thread of gold. The king was greatly delighted to see all this glistening treasure, but still he had not enough to satisfy his greed, so he took the miller's daughter to a yet larger heap of straw and said: "All this must be spun into gold this very night. If you do it you shall be my queen."

As soon as the maiden was alone the dwarf came in and asked, "What will you give me to spin gold for you this third time?"

The maiden hung her head and tears sprang to her eyes as she answered: "You have my necklace and my ring. I have nothing more to give."

"Then say you will give me the first child that you may have when you are queen."

RUMPELSTILTSKEN

"I shall never be queen," thought the unhappy maiden, "and I may as well save my life with such an empty promise."

Round went the wheel again to the old song, and before morning another heap of straw was turned into a heap of gold.

When the king saw this he was bound to keep his word, so he married the miller's daughter without delay.

At the birth of her first child the queen was very happy and for a time forgot her promise to the dwarf. But one day he came into the room where she was playing with her baby and reminded her of it.

She wept bitterly and told the manikin she would give him all the money and jewels she had if he would release her from her promise.

All her pleadings seemed in vain until she pressed the child to her heart and

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begged the dwarf to take her life but to spare the king's son.

This appeal softened his heart and he said: "I will give you three days' grace, and if by the end of that time you can tell me my name, you may keep the child."

Now the queen lay awake the whole night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard. She even sent messengers throughout the land to find new ones. The next day when the little man came, she asked him if he answered to the name of Ichabod, Elzevir, Esarhad-don, or Elsheimer, and all the names she could remember, but to each of them he made the same reply, "Madam, that is not my name."

The second day the queen tried all the comical names she could think of: Beans, Bandylegs, Crookshanks, Fathead, but

planche Fisher laïke



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

to every one of them the manikin answered, "Madam, that is not my name."

The third day a messenger came to say: "Gracious queen, I traveled two days without hearing one new name, but yesterday as I was climbing a steep hill, there, among the trees of the forest, I heard the fox and the hare bid each other good night. Then I saw a little hut before which burned a fire, and round about the fire a funny little dwarf was dancing upon one leg. As he danced he sang:

"Merrily the feast I'll make,
Today I'll brew, tomorrow bake;
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
The third day will a stranger bring.
For little dreams the royal dame
That Rumpelstiltsken is my name!"

When the queen heard this she clapped her hands for joy and, taking

RUMPELSTILTSKEN

the baby in her arms, danced about the palace as if she were herself the very queen of fairies.

But when the dwarf came she sat upon her throne and called all her courtiers about her to enjoy the fun. The nurse stood by her side with the baby in her arms as if quite ready to give him up. The dwarf could not conceal his satisfaction, and chuckled as he thought of having the child with him in his hut in the woods. So he airily demanded, "Now, lady, what is my name?"

"Is it Elzevir?" the queen asked.

"No, madam," he answered.

"Is it Esarhaddon?"

"It is not Esarhaddon, your Majesty."

"Is it Elsheimer?"

"It is not Elsheimer, your ladyship."

"Can your name be Rumpelstiltsken?" asked the lady, slyly.

“Some witch told you that! some witch told you that!” the little man said in his rage, and he dashed his right foot so deep into the floor that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out. Then he made his way off as best he could, while the nurse laughed, the baby crowed, and the court jeered at him, saying, as he hobbled off, “We wish you a very good morning and a merry feast, but our baby prince will stay with us, Mr. Rumpelstiltsken!”



THE FROG PRINCE

IN THE olden time, when wishing was having, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so very beautiful that the Sun himself, although he saw her very often, was pleased every time he looked at her.

Near the castle of this king was a large and gloomy forest in the midst of which stood an old lime tree, beneath whose branches splashed a little fountain. When the day was very hot the king's youngest daughter would run into this wood and sit down by the fountain,

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and when she felt dull she would often play with a golden ball, throwing it up in the air and catching it as it fell.

One day when the king's daughter threw this golden ball into the air, it fell on the grass and rolled past her into the fountain. She followed the ball with her eyes as it sank into the water, which was so deep that no one could see to the bottom. Then she began to cry; and as she cried, a voice called out: "Why weepest thou, O king's daughter? Thy tears would melt even a stone to pity."

The king's daughter looked around to see whence the voice came, and there was a frog stretching his head out of the water.

"Ah! you old water-paddler," said she, "was it you that spoke? I am weeping for my golden ball, which has slipped away from me into the water."

THE FROG PRINCE

“Be quiet and do not cry,” said the frog; “perhaps I can help thee. But what wilt thou give me if I fetch thee thy ball?”

“What will you have, dear frog?” said the king’s daughter. “My dresses, my rings and pearls, or the golden crown which I wear?”

The frog answered, “Dresses or rings or golden crowns are not for me; but if thou wilt love me and let me be thy playmate and sit at thy table and eat from thy little golden plate and drink out of thy cup and sleep in thy little bed,—if thou wilt promise me all these, then will I dive down and get thy golden ball.”

“Oh, I will promise you all those,” said the king’s daughter, “if you will only get me my ball.” But she thought to herself: “What a silly frog! Let him

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remain in the water with his equals; he cannot play with me."

As soon as he had her promise, the frog drew his head under the water and dived down. Soon he swam up again with the ball in his mouth and threw it on the grass.

The king's daughter was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything, and picking it up she ran off.

"Stop! stop!" cried the frog; "take me with thee. I cannot run as thou canst."

But all his croaking was useless. Although it was loud enough, the king's daughter did not heed it, but ran home and soon forgot the poor frog, who was obliged to leap back into the fountain.

The next day, when the king's daughter was sitting at table with her father, eating from her own little golden plate,



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

something was heard coming up the marble stairs, splish splash, splish splash! When it came to the top it knocked at the door, and a voice said, "Open the door, thou youngest daughter of the king!"

The maiden rose and went to see who it was that called her. When she caught sight of the frog she shut the door again and sat down at the table, looking very pale. The king saw that she was in fear of something, and asked her if a giant had come to take her away.

"Oh, no!" answered she; "it is not a giant, but an ugly frog."

"What does the frog want of you?" said the king.

"Oh, dear father, when I was playing by the fountain my golden ball fell into the water, and this frog fetched it up again because I cried so much. I must

THE FROG PRINCE

tell you that I promised him he should be my playmate. I never thought that he could come out of the water, but somehow he has jumped out, and now he wants to come in here.”

At that moment there was another knock, and a voice said:

“King’s daughter, youngest,
Open the door.
Hast thou forgotten
Thy promises made
At the fountain so clear
’Neath the lime tree’s shade?
King’s daughter, youngest,
Open the door.”

Then the king said, “What you have promised, that you must perform; go and let him in.”

So the king’s daughter opened the door, and the frog hopped into the room right up to her chair. As soon as she

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was seated, the frog said, "Take me up." But she waited so long that at last the king ordered her to obey the frog.

As soon as the frog was placed on the chair, he jumped upon the table and said, "Now push thy plate near me, that we may both eat from it." And she did so, but, as everyone saw, with very bad grace.

The frog seemed to relish his dinner, but every bit that the king's daughter ate nearly choked her.

At last the frog said, "I feel very tired; wilt thou carry me upstairs into thy chamber and make thy bed ready for me to sleep in it?"

At this speech the king's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold frog and dared not touch him; and, besides, he wanted to sleep in her own beautiful clean bed. But her tears made

THE FROG PRINCE

the king very angry, and he said, "Never treat with scorn one who has helped you in time of trouble."

So she took the frog up with two fingers and put him in a corner of her room. But he hopped up to her and said, "I am so very tired that I shall sleep well; do let me rest on your pillow." But she threw him against the wall, saying, "Now, will you be quiet, you ugly frog!"

As he fell he was changed from a frog into a handsome prince with beautiful eyes, who after a little while became, with her father's consent, her dearest friend and playmate. Then he told her how he had been changed to a frog by an evil witch, and that no one but herself had the power to take him out of the fountain, and that now she should share his kingdom.

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So one day a carriage drawn by eight white horses, with ostrich feathers on their heads and golden bridles, drove up to the door of the palace, and behind the carriage stood trusty Henry, the servant of the young prince. When his master was changed into a frog, trusty Henry had grieved so much that he had bound three iron bands round his heart, for fear it should break with grief and sorrow.

When the carriage was ready to carry the young prince to his own country, the faithful Henry helped the princess and the prince into the carriage and placed himself in the seat behind, full of joy at his master's release.

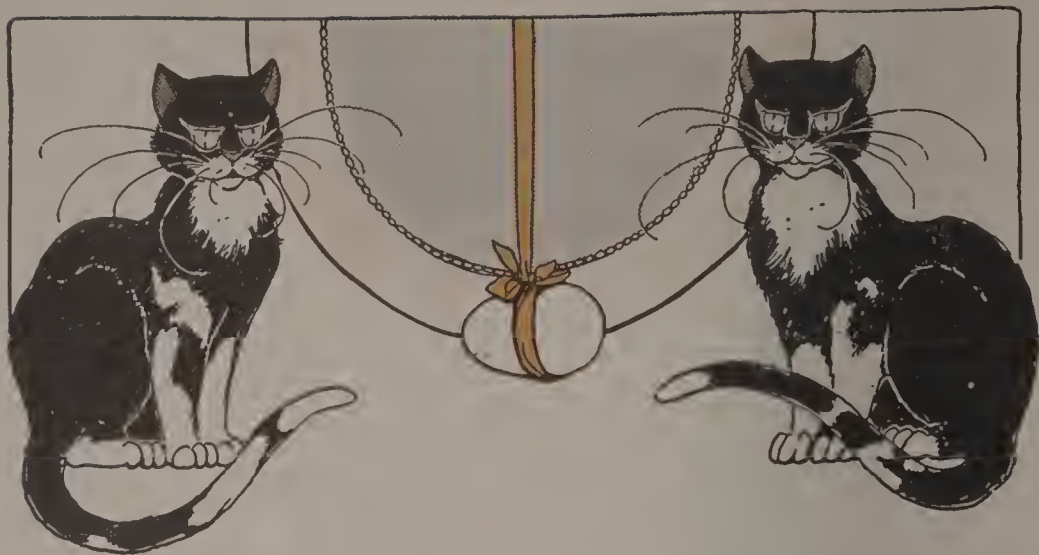
They had not gone far when the prince heard a crack as if something had broken behind the carriage.

He put his head out of the window and asked Henry what had broken, and

THE FROG PRINCE

Henry answered, "It was not the carriage, my master, but a band which I bound round my heart when it was in such grief because you were changed into a frog."

Twice afterwards on the journey there was the same noise, and each time the prince thought that it was some part of the carriage that had given way; but it was only the breaking of the bands which bound the heart of the trusty Henry, who was ever after free and happy.



THE FAITHFUL BEASTS

THERE was once a man who had very little money, but with what he had he went into the wide world.

Soon he came to a village where some boys were running together screaming and laughing, and he asked them what was the matter.

“Oh!” said they, “we have a mouse which we are going to teach to dance. What sport it will be! How it will skip around!”

The man pitied the poor mouse, and said, “Let it go, my boys, and I will give

THE FAITHFUL BEASTS

you money.” He gave them some coppers, and they let the poor animal loose, and it ran as fast as it could into a hole close by.

After this the man went on to another village, where some boys had a monkey which they forced to dance and tumble without letting the poor thing have any rest. To these also the man gave money to get them to set the monkey free.

By and by, coming to a third village, the man saw the boys making a bear dance in chains and stand upright, and if he growled they seemed all the better pleased. The man also bought the bear and set him free. The bear, very glad to find himself on his four feet again, tramped away.

The man had now spent all his money, and found he had not even a copper left in his pocket with which to buy a mor-

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

sel of food. At last he was nearly dead with hunger, and as no one would give him bread, he was tempted to steal. One of the king's guards caught him and put him into a chest and threw the chest into the water.

The lid of the chest was full of holes whereby he might obtain air, and a jug of water with a loaf of bread was put in.

While he was floating about in great distress of mind, he heard something gnawing and scratching at the lock of his chest, and all at once it gave way and up flew the lid. Then he saw the mouse and the monkey and the bear standing by, and found it was they who had opened the chest because he had helped them, but they did not know what to do next.

Just then a white, egg-shaped stone rolled into the water.

THE FAITHFUL BEASTS

"This has come in the nick of time," said the bear, "for it is a magic stone which will take its owner to whatever place he wishes to see."

The man picked up the stone, and as he held it in his hand he wished himself in a castle with a garden and stables. Scarcely had he done so when he found himself in a castle with a garden and stables just to his mind, where everything was so beautiful that he could not admire it enough.

After a time some merchants came that way, and as they passed, one called to the other, "See what a noble castle stands here, where there was nothing but sand."

They entered the castle and asked the man how he had built the palace so quickly.

"I did not do it," said he, "it is the work of my wonderful stone."

“What kind of a stone can it be?” inquired the merchants.

The man showed it to them, and the sight of it pleased them so much that they asked if he would sell it, and offered him all their beautiful goods for it.

The goods took the man's fancy, and, his heart being fickle and wishing for new things, he thought them worth more than his stone, so he gave it to them, taking their goods in exchange. But scarcely had it left his hands when all his fortune was gone, and he found himself again in the floating chest on the river, with nothing but the jug of water and the loaf of bread.

The faithful beasts,—the mouse, the monkey, and the bear,—as soon as they saw this, came again to help him, but they could not unfasten the lock, because it was much stronger than the former one.



The bear said, "We must get the wonderful stone again, or our work is useless."

Now the merchants had stopped at the castle and lived there, so the three faithful animals went together to the castle.

The bear said the mouse must peep through the keyhole and see what was going on, for, being so small, no one would notice him. The mouse soon came back, and said, "It is useless; I have peeped in, but the stone hangs on a red ribbon below the mirror, and above and below sit two great cats with fiery eyes to watch it."

The bear and the monkey said, "Never mind, go back again and wait till the master goes to bed and falls asleep; then do you slip in through the hole and creep on the bed, twitch his nose, and bite off one of his whiskers."

THE FAITHFUL BEASTS

So the mouse crept in and did exactly as she was told, and the master, waking up, rubbed his nose in a passion and said: "The old cats are good for nothing! They let in the mice, who bite the very hair off my head!" And so saying, he drove all the cats away.

The next night, as soon as the master was sound asleep, the mouse crept in again and nibbled and gnawed at the ribbon until it broke in halves, and down fell the stone, which she then pushed out under the door. But this was very hard for the poor little mouse to manage, and so she called to the monkey, who drew it quite out with his long paws. It was an easy matter for him, and he carried the stone down to the water.

There the monkey asked how they were to get at the chest.

"Oh," replied the bear, "that is easy to do; you, monkey, shall sit upon my back, holding fast with your hands while you carry the stone in your mouth. You, mouse, can sit in my right ear and I will swim to the chest." They all did as the bear said, and he swam off down the river.

Soon he felt uneasy at the silence, and began to chatter to himself. At last he said: "Do you hear, Mr. Monkey? We are brave fellows." But the monkey did not answer a word.

"Is that manners?" said the bear, again. "Will you not give your comrade an answer? A crabbed fellow is he who makes no reply."

Then the monkey could no longer restrain himself, and letting the stone fall into the water he cried out: "You stupid fellow, how could I answer you

THE FAITHFUL BEASTS

with the stone in my mouth? Now it is lost, and it is your own fault.”

“Do not be angry,” said the bear; “we shall soon find it.” He called to all the frogs and other creatures living in the water, and said to them, “There is an enemy coming against you; but make haste and bring us some stones as quickly as you can, and we will build a wall to protect you.”

These words frightened the water animals, and they brought stones from all sides. At last a fat old frog came waddling along with the wonderful stone in her mouth. The bear was glad to see it, and taking the stone he thanked them all and told them they might go home.

Then the three beasts swam to the man in the chest, and, breaking the lid by the aid of stones, they found that they had come in the nick of time, for

he had drunk his last drop of water and eaten the last crumb of his bread, and was almost starved.

As soon as the man took the magic stone in his hand he wished himself quite well and back in the castle with the garden and stables. No sooner had he wished than he was there, and his three faithful beasts with him. And there they all lived in great comfort to the end of their days.



THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL

ONCE upon a time when the king of Norway was holding a feast in his palace, he rose to drink to the health of the king of Denmark.

“What present shall we send to our royal brother of Denmark as a pledge of our good will?” he asked.

“Please, your Majesty,” answered Gunter, the king’s chief huntsman, “send him one of our white bears, that

he may see what sort of kittens we play with here in Norway."

"Well said!" cried the king; "but how shall we find a bear that will travel so far and will know how to conduct himself in the presence of our worthy brother when he gets to that court?"

"Please, your Majesty," said Gunter, "I have a magnificent creature, as white as snow, one I caught when but a cub; a bear, now, that will follow me wherever I go, play with children, stand on two legs, and behave as any well-bred person should. We are at your service and will go wherever you choose to send us."

The king was well pleased, and ordered Gunter to start with the dawn the next day.

The Norseman went to his house in the wood, put the king's collar around

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL

Bruin's neck, and away they went over hills and valleys, across lakes and seas, until they reached the court of the king of Denmark.

Unhappily when they arrived there the king was away on a journey, so Gunter and Bruin set out to follow and find him. The weather was bright, the sun shone, and the birds sang as they journeyed merrily on, day after day, over hill and dale, until they came within a day's journey to the town where the Danish king was visiting.

All that afternoon Gunter and Bruin walked in a gloomy forest which lay between them and the place they were seeking. Toward evening clouds gathered, the wind whistled through the trees, and a stormy night threatened them. The road was almost unbroken, and so rough that they stumbled over

roots and fallen branches until they were too tired to travel further.

"A pretty state of affairs, this," said Gunter to himself. "I am likely to enjoy a night in the woods with an empty stomach, a damp bed, and only my good Bruin for company."

The wind blew louder and louder, the clouds grew darker and darker, the bear shook his ears disconsolately, and Gunter felt himself at his wit's end, when he heard a joyful sound. A woodman came whistling along the road, which proved to be at the very edge of the forest, Gunter having missed it in the darkness.

The woodman had a horse and a load of fagots, and you may be sure Gunter begged for a night's lodging for himself and his companion. The woodman was good-natured and quite willing to give shelter to the huntsman, but as to the

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL

bear, he had never before seen such a beast and would not take Bruin along on any terms.

Gunter begged hard for his friend, telling the man that he was taking the bear as a gift to the king of Denmark; that Bruin was very gentle, in fact, the best-natured, best-behaved animal in the world; but the woodman was obdurate. He said that his wife would not admit such a guest, and, besides, the dog and the cat would object; while the ducks and all the fowls would run away in terror if they but caught a glimpse of such a visitor. "So good night, Master Huntsman!" said he; "if you and your shaggy companion will not part company, I'm afraid you'll have to stay where you are." Then he cracked his whip, started up his horse, and set off on his homeward way.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

The huntsman grumbled and Bruin growled as they followed slowly after the woodman.

They had not gone far when the woodman pulled up his horse and turned to speak to them. "Stay, stay!" said he, "I think I can tell you of a better sleeping place than under those logs. I know where you may find shelter if you will run the risk of some trouble with a ruffian imp that has taken up his abode in my old house yonder, down at the foot of the hill. I lived in that snug little house until last winter, when one night while a storm raged, as it is likely to do tonight, a spiteful guest took it into his head to pay us a visit. Ever since then there have been such noises, such clattering and scampering upstairs and down, from midnight until dawn, that at last we were driven out of our own house and

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL

home. What he is like no one knows, for we have never seen him or anything belonging to him except a little crooked high-heeled shoe that he left in the pantry one night. But though we have not seen him, we know he has a hand or a paw as heavy as lead, for when it pleases him to lay it upon anyone, down goes the unfortunate person as if struck by a blacksmith's hammer. There is no end to his evil tricks. He cuts the line when the clothes are hung out to dry, he lets the fowls out of the henhouse, he turns the pig into the garden, rides the cows, and leads the horses into the hay-yard. Several times he nearly burned the house down by leaving a lighted candle among the fagots. Sometimes he is so nimble that nothing stands still around him. Dishes, plates, pots, and pans dance about, making horrible sounds as they

break each other in pieces. When the whim takes him, the chairs and tables seem to be alive, dancing a hornpipe or playing battledore and shuttlecock together. It is no use to put things in order, for the imp turns everything upside down whenever the fancy seizes him.

“My wife and I bore it as long as we could, but at length we were beaten, and thought we would give the house up to him. The little rascal knew what we were about when we began moving, and seemed in a hurry for us to go. When our goods were on the wagon and we were ready to leave, we heard a shrill laugh ; and a voice sounded from the window: ‘Good-by, neighbors!’ Now he has the house to himself. If you and your friend care to run the risk of taking up your quarters in the elf’s house, pray do so. I hope he is not at home.”

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL

"Anything is better than sleeping out of doors such a night as this," said Gunter. "Your troublesome neighbor may be of the same mind, and we may have to fight for our shelter, but Bruin is a good hand at boxing, and the goblin may find what it is to be hugged by a Norse bear."

Then the woodman gave Gunter a fagot to burn and wished him good night.

The huntsman and the bear soon reached the deserted house, and finding no one at home, they went to the kitchen and made a blazing fire.

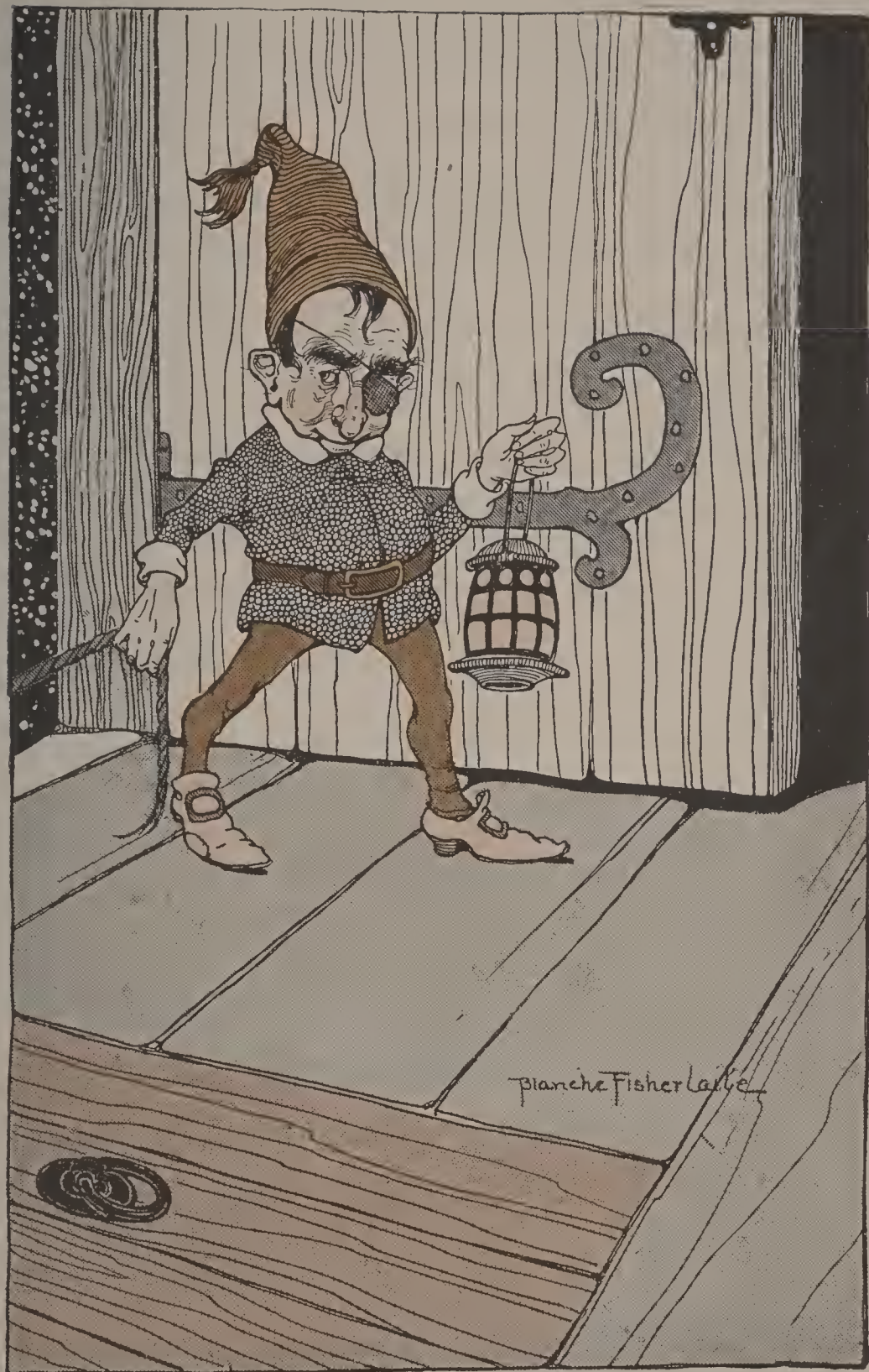
"Lackaday!" said the Norseman, "I ought to have asked that woodman for some supper. I have nothing but dry bread. However, this is better than sleeping in the woods. We must make the most of what we have, keep ourselves warm, and get to bed as soon as we can."

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

So after eating their last crust and drinking some water from a well close by, the huntsman wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down in the snuggest corner he could find, while Bruin curled up on the hearth in front of the fireplace. They were soon fast asleep.

Just as the clock struck twelve the noise of the storm grew louder, the wind blew the door open, and in popped an ugly little skrattel barely three spans high. His face was like a dried apple, his nose as purple as a ripe mulberry, and he had a squint eye that had lost its mate. He wore high-heeled shoes with long, pointed toes, and on his head was a tiny, pointed red cap. He dragged after him a fat kid, skinned ready for roasting.

"A rough night this," grumbled the goblin to himself, "but, thanks to that



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

booby woodman, I've a house to myself.
Now for a hot supper!"

He busied himself about, here and there. Presently the fire blazed up, and the kid was on the spit and turning merrily around, the odor of its cooking enough to make one's mouth water. Then the little imp rubbed his hands, tossed his red cap in the air, and danced as he sang:

"Oh, 'tis weary enough abroad to bide,
In the shivery midnight blast;
And 'tis dreary enough alone to ride,
Hungry and cold,
On the wintry wold,
When the drifting snow falls fast.

But 'tis cheery enough to revel by night,
In the crackling fagots' light;
'Tis merry enough to have and to hold
The savory roast
And the nut-brown toast
With jolly good ale and old."

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL

The huntsman lay snug, sometimes quaking in fear and sometimes licking his lips at the tempting supper so near. He had half a mind to jump up and fight the imp. However, he kept quiet in his corner.

All of a sudden the skrattel caught sight of Bruin as she lay asleep, rolled up like a ball in the chimney corner. He crept closer and closer to Bruin, unable to make out what she was: "One of the family, I suppose," said he to himself.

Just then Bruin gave her ears a shake and showed the tip of her muzzle.

"Oho!" said the imp, "that's all, is it? But what a large one! Where can she have come from? And how came she here? What shall I do? Shall I let her alone, or shall I drive her out? I'm not afraid of mice or rats. So here goes! I've driven out the rest of the live stock. Why should I not send this brute after them?"

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

With that the elf walked softly to the corner of the room, and taking up the spit tiptoed close to the bear and gave her a rattling thump across the nose.

The bear rose up slowly, snorted, shook her head, scratched her ear, opened first one eye and then the other, took a turn across the room, and grinned at the enemy, who stood with gridiron in hand ready for the coming attack. The bear walked leisurely forward, and with one paw jerked the spit out of the goblin's hand and sent it spinning across the room.

Now began a fierce battle. This way and that flew tables, chairs, pots, and pans. One moment the elf was on Bruin's back, pulling her ears and pommeling her with blows that might have felled an ox. In the next moment the bear would throw the skrattel into the air, and when he came

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL

down would catch and hug him until the little imp squealed like a pig. Meantime Gunter was terrified by the battle and crept as far into the corner as he could. The skrattel was losing strength every moment, and at last in a frenzy dashed his red cap right in Bruin's eye and then darted out into the pitiless storm.

"Well done! Bravo, Bruin!" cried the huntsman, who hurried to shut and bolt the door. "Thou hast well combed his locks, and as for thine own ears, they are rather the worse for his spiteful pulling. But come, let us make the best of the good cheer our friend has left us!"

They fell to and ate a hearty supper and then betook themselves again to bed.

In the morning the huntsman made ready to go on his way. Not far from the door he met the woodman, who was eager to learn how he had passed the

night. So Gunter told him about the visit of the elf and how Bruin had fought and beaten him. "Let us hope," said he, "you will now be forever rid of Master Skrattel; he will not be likely to return for another hug from Bruin. If so, your hospitality to us will be well repaid; although if your spiteful little tenant had not brought his supper with him, we should have gone to bed hungry."

Then the huntsman and Bruin went on their way. Let us hope that they found the king of Denmark without meeting another elf. To tell the truth I never heard that part of the story.

The woodman, however, went to his work, and you may be sure he kept a sharp lookout for any visit from Skrattel, who might still prowl around at night.

After three nights had passed without sight or sound of the mischief-maker,

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL

the woodman began to think of moving back to his own home. But on the fourth day, as he went to his work, a storm of sleet and snow drove him to the shelter of a wide-spreading spruce tree. As the storm passed over, he heard a cracked voice croaking in the bushes close by, and, sure enough, there was the very figure described by the huntsman. The goblin was without hat or cap on his head. His face was woebegone, his jacket was torn into shreds, his legs scratched and bleeding, as if he had crawled a mile through bramble bushes. The woodman sat very still and listened to this mournful song:

“Oh, ’tis weary enough abroad to bide,
In the shivery midnight blast;
And ’tis dreary enough alone to ride,
Hungry and cold,
On the wintry wold,
When the drifting snow falls fast.”

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

"Sing the other verse, man!" shouted the woodman to his enemy. The instant he spoke, however, the little imp jumped and stamped with rage and was out of sight in a breath.

The woodman finished his task and was going home, when all of a sudden he saw that same little skrattel standing on a high bank, looking grim and sulky as ever.

"Hark ye, bumpkin," cried the ill-tempered elf, "is thy great cat at home and alive?"

"My cat?" said the woodman. "What do you mean?"

"Thy great white cat, to be sure, the one whose ears I pulled off and whose eyes I put out," boasted the skrattel.

"Oh, yes, to be sure, my cat is alive and well, I thank you. She would be happy to see you or your friends whenever you will favor us with a call. As

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you seem so friendly toward my cat, you may be pleased to hear that Mrs. Bruin had five kittens last night."

"Five kittens?" muttered Skrattel.

"Yes, five of the most beautiful white furry kittens you ever saw! It would do your heart good to see the whole family—such soft, gentle paws and delicate little mouths! Their mother is already teaching them to box and scratch. Look in sometime about midnight. The old cat would be glad to show you her family, I'm sure."

"No indeed!" shrieked the imp. "I do not want to see the kittens; I've seen enough of the mother cat."

"But do call around about midnight, as you have so often come at that hour," urged the woodman.

"Keep your cat and her kittens. I must be off; this is no place for me.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Good-by to you; you'll see no more of me," and the skrattel began to hop away. But the woodman hailed him once more, and throwing after him the red cap he had left behind as he fled from Bruin, taunted him: "Then good-by to you. Keep away from my cat and her kittens, and let us have no more of your pranks!"

Now that the woodman was sure his troublesome guest would never return he moved back to his home, where he and his wife and children lived happily ever afterwards, never forgetting the king of Norway, who sent the white bear to Denmark.



THE THREE CROWS•

LONG ago after many years of war, peace was at last made so that the king no longer needed his armies, and he let the soldiers go home.

One of these discharged men, whose name was Conrad, had saved most of his pay instead of spending it as fast as it was earned.

Now two of Conrad's fellow countrymen were great rogues who plotted to rob him of his hard-earned money. Being artful knaves they made a pretense of great friendship for him, and one day

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

they said: "Comrade, why should we stay in this town as if we were prisoners, when you, at least, have enough to live upon at home by your own fireside? Why should not the three of us go out into the world to try our luck?"

Conrad agreed to make the venture by going first to a country not far distant.

They had gone but a little way when, coming to a parting of the road, one of the knaves said, "We must go to the right, for that is the nearest way to a country where we shall be safe from robbers."

Conrad said: "No, that will lead us straight back to the town we have just left. We must keep to the left hand."

The rogues made this an excuse to pick a quarrel with Conrad, and one of them said angrily: "Why do you give

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yourself airs? You know nothing about these roads!"

Then they fell upon him and beat him on the head until he was quite dazed and blind, after which they bound him to a great beam of wood, took all his money, and left him there under a gallows tree, to die or live, they cared not which.

When Conrad came to himself he did not know where he was, nor just what had happened to him. Night had come on, however, and he heard a fluttering over his head, which was caused by three crows flying round and round before perching in the tree. Having settled themselves for the night, directly over Conrad's head, they began to talk.

One of them said, "Sister, what is the best news with you today?"

"Oh! if men did but know all that we know!" answered the crow. "The

princess is ill, and the king has vowed that she shall marry anyone who will cure her; but this no one can do, for she will surely die unless yonder blue flower is burned to ashes and given to her as a powder."

"Oh, indeed!" said the third crow; "if men did but know what we know! Tonight there will fall a dew from heaven which would restore sight to the blind if they but washed their eyes with it. The flower is wanted by but one only, and she a princess. The dew is needed by only a few, but there is a fearful drought in the land; the wells are dry and no rain has fallen for many weeks. If men only knew what we know! But alas! no man knows that if the large stone by the fountain in the market place should be removed, water would gush forth, clear, sparkling, and plentiful,

THE THREE CROWS

until the thirst of the very earth itself would be quenched.”

“Oh! if men only knew what we know!” whispered the three crows.

While the crows were talking, Conrad lay very quiet lest he should lose a single word of all the wonderful things they were saying. When they flew away, the first thing he thought of doing was to get some dew to restore his sight. But it took all his strength to break the heavy cords with which the wicked men had bound him, and he feared the sun would dry the precious dew before he could reach it. Bound for so many hours, and bruised as he had been, it was no easy task for him to stumble around in his blindness, but he soon caught hold of a wisp of sweet, cool grass still wet with the priceless, healing dew and bathed his aching eyes.

O joy unspeakable! he could see! he could see! And looking about he found the blue flower, which he quickly burned. Gathering the ashes he hurried to the king's court. Arrived at the palace, he told the king he had come to cure the princess and to claim the promised reward.

The magic ashes quite cured the princess of her illness, as the crows had said they would do, but when she saw Conrad's shabby clothes she had no mind to become his wife.

The king, also, was sorry for his rash promise, and his behavior was as shabby as the soldier's clothes. Shame upon any man, king or peasant, who would so try to break a promise! He thought to get rid of Conrad by giving him a yet harder task, so he said, "Whoever wants the princess for a wife must find water



enough to release the country from this direful drought."

The soldier went out of the palace and told the people to take the heavy stone from before the market-place fountain, and then by digging only a few inches they would find a spring with water enough for the whole town.

Alas! the people, though nearly dying of thirst, scorned such simple means of relief and told the poor soldier to do it himself if it were so easy.

Conrad, therefore, lifted the heavy stone, which really needed the strength of two or three men, and with his bleeding fingers scratched a little earth aside. Water—clear, cold, sparkling water—bubbled out from its hidden but limitless source.

The king and the princess at once thought better of the man who had so

THE THREE CROWS

served them. So the fair daughter of a king became the bride of this servant of the people, and all lived happily as they deserved.

One day, not long after they were married, Conrad was walking through a field when he met the two comrades who had treated him so badly. Though they did not know him in his princely garb, he knew them at once, and facing them he said: "Look at me! I am your old comrade in arms whom you left to die after you had beaten and robbed me. But your cruel designs have been defeated, and all the wrong you sought to do me has brought me good fortune instead."

When the two comrades heard this they fell at his feet, begging his forgiveness, and as Conrad was kind of heart he granted their plea and took them to the palace, where he gave them food and

clothes. He told them all that had happened to him, and how he had reached his honors through hearing what the three crows had said as he lay blind and suffering under the tree where the rogues had bound him.

As soon as they left the palace these ungrateful, greedy villains began plotting more evil against Conrad, whom they envied.

They said: "We will go some night and listen to the crows. We may hear something which will put that proud fellow at our feet and bring us good luck besides."

So they went to the gallows tree and soon heard the birds fluttering to their perches, but could not understand their talk.

"Sisters," said one of the crows, "someone must have overheard us, for

THE THREE CROWS

all the world is telling what wonders have been done. The blue flower has been plucked and burned, the princess is cured, a blind man has received his sight, and the spring has been found which gave water to the whole town. Whoever heard our secrets was an honorable man, but my wisdom whispers that some villain is sneaking around with evil thoughts in his mind. We will punish any wrongdoer whom we may find.”

Seeing the men lying at the foot of their tree, the crows flew at them in a great rage, plucked out their eyes with sharp beaks, and beat their heads with angry wings until the men were nearly dead. In that plight Conrad found them, justly punished for their baseness.



STAR DOLLARS

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose father and mother died leaving her so poor that she had no roof to shelter her and no bed to sleep in. At last she had nothing left but the clothes on her back, and a loaf of bread, which some kind person had given to her, in her hand. But she was a good and pious little girl, and when she found herself forsaken by all she went into the fields, trusting God.



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Soon she met a poor man, who said to her, "Give me something to eat, for I am very hungry." She handed him the whole loaf, and with a "God bless you!" walked on.

Next she met a little girl crying. This child said, "Pray give me something to cover my head, it is so cold!" So she took off her bonnet and gave it away.

Then she met another who had no dress, and to this one she gave her frock.

By that time it was growing dark, and our little girl entered a forest, where she met a fourth person, who begged for something to wear, and to her she gave her petticoat. For, thought our heroine, "It is growing dark, and no one will see me, so I can give away this."

And now, when she had scarcely anything left to cover herself with, some of

STAR DOLLARS

the stars fell down in the form of silver dollars, and among them she found a petticoat of the finest linen! And in that she collected the star money, which made her rich all the rest of her life!



THE GOLD CHILDREN

ONCE upon a time there was a poor man and his wife who had nothing in the world but their hut. They lived from hand to mouth by catching fish. Once the man, sitting by the water's edge, threw in his net and drew out a golden fish. While he was looking at the fish with great wonder, it said: "Do you hear, fisherman? Throw me back into the water, and I will change your hut into a fine castle."

But the fisherman replied, "What use is a castle to me if I have no food?"

THE GOLD CHILDREN

“That is taken care of,” said the fish, “for in the castle you will find a cupboard which is full of food.”

“Well, if that be so,” said the man, “you will soon have your wish.”

“Yes,” said the fish, “but you must make me one promise: that you will tell nobody in the world, whoever he may be, from whence your luck comes, for if you speak a single word about it, all will be lost.”

The man threw the fish back into the water and went home, and where his hut had stood he found a large castle. The sight made him open his eyes, and stepping in he found his wife dressed in costly clothes sitting in a large room.

She was very much pleased and said: “Husband, how has all this happened? This is very nice!”

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

"Yes," said her husband, "it pleases me also; but now I am hungry, so give me something to eat."

His wife said, "I have nothing, and I am sure I do not know where to find any food in this new house."

"Oh, there is a great cupboard; open that," said the husband; and as soon as she did so, behold! there were cakes, meat, and fruit.

At the sight of these the wife laughed, and cried, "What else can you wish for now, my dear?" and they began eating at once. But when they had had enough, the wife asked, "Now, my husband, whence comes all this?"

"Ah," he said, "do not ask! I dare not tell you, for if I let out the secret to anyone our fortune will fly."

"Well, I am sure I do not want to know," she replied; but she was not in

THE GOLD CHILDREN

earnest, and she let him have no peace, night or day, teasing him so long that at last he told her that all their fortune came from a golden fish which he had caught and set free again.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the fine castle, with its cupboard, was gone, and they found themselves again in their old hut.

The man now had to take up his old trade of fishing, and he pulled out the golden fish a second time.

“Alas,” said the fish, “let me go again, and I will give you back your castle, with the cupboard of meat; only keep it secret, or again you will lose all.”

“I will take care,” replied the fisherman, and he threw the fish into the water.

At home all was in its former splendor, and the wife was glad of her good fortune, but after a few days she began to

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

beg her husband again to tell her how he came by the castle.

For a long time the man held his tongue, but at length he became so angry with her that he told the secret. At the same moment the castle sank into the earth, and they found themselves in the old hut.

"There, are you happy now?" said the man to his wife. "Now we may feel the pangs of hunger again."

"Ah," she replied, "I do not care for wealth unless I may know from whence it comes."

The man went fishing again, and in a few days he was lucky enough to pull up the golden fish for a third time.

"Well, well," said the fish, "I see I am fated to fall into your hands, so take me home and cut me into six pieces, two of which you must give to your wife

THE GOLD CHILDREN

to eat, two to your horse, and two you must put into the ground, and then you will be blessed."

The man took the fish home, and did as it had said. From the two pieces which he sowed in the ground, two golden lilies grew up; from the two pieces eaten by the horse, two golden colts were born; and from the wife's share, she had two gold children.

The children grew up beautiful and fair, and with them grew the two lilies and the two colts.

One day the children said to their father, "We will mount our golden steeds and travel in the world."

But he replied, "How shall I know if you are well and happy when you are so far from me?"

"The two golden lilies," said they, "will remain here, and by them you can

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

see how we prosper: do they remain fresh, so are we well; do they droop, so are we ill; do they die, so are we dead." With these words they rode away.

Soon they came to an inn where there were many people, who, when they saw the two gold children, laughed at them.

One of the children, when he heard the jeers, was ashamed and would go no farther, but turned round and went home to his father. The other rode on till he came to a large forest. Just as he was about to ride into it the people said to him, "You would better not go there, for the forest is full of robbers, who will act badly to you, and when they see that you and your horse are golden they will kill you."

But the youth said, "I must and will go."

THE GOLD CHILDREN

Then he took bearskins and covered himself and his horse with them, so that nothing golden could be seen. This done, he rode into the wood.

When he had ridden a little way he heard a rustling among the bushes and soon heard voices talking. One voice said, "Here comes one!" But another said: "Let him alone; he's only a bear-hunter and as poor and cold as a church mouse. What should we do with him?"

So the gold child rode unharmed through the forest. Next he came to a village, where he saw a maiden so beautiful that he thought there could not be one like her in all the world. He loved her and asked her if she would be his wife.

The maiden was very much pleased and said, "Yes, I will become your wife and be true to you forever."

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

So they made a wedding feast, and while they were still at the table the father of the bride came and asked in great anger where the bridegroom was.

They showed him the gold child, who still wore his bearskins around him, and the father said, "Never shall a bear-hunter marry my daughter!" and he would have killed him.

The bride begged for his life, saying, "He is my husband, and I love him with all my heart," so at last her father consented to spare him.

The father, however, was always thinking about this man, and one morning he rose early in order to look at his daughter's husband and see whether he were a common ragged beggar or not. When he looked, behold there was a gold man, while the bearskin lay upon the ground. Then the father went away,

THE GOLD CHILDREN

well pleased that he had not killed the bear-hunter.

The same night the gold child dreamed that he hunted a fine stag, and when he awoke in the morning he said to his bride, "I must be off to the hunt!"

She begged him to stay, and said, "A great misfortune may happen to you," but he said, "I must and will go!"

So he rode away into the forest, and soon met a proud stag, just as he had dreamed. He aimed at it, and would have shot, but the stag sprang off. Then he followed it over hedges and ditches the whole day, and at evening it went from his sight. When now the gold child looked round he found himself before a little house where dwelt a witch. He knocked at the door, and a little old woman came, and asked, "What are you doing so late in the midst of this forest?"

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

"Have you seen a stag?" the gold child inquired.

"Yes," replied the old woman; "I know the stag well." Just then a little dog barked loudly at the stranger.

"Be quiet, you evil dog!" he cried, "or I will shoot you."

At this the witch was in a great passion and cried, "What! will you kill my dog?" Then she turned the gold child into a stone.

His poor wife waited for him in vain, and soon she thought, "Ah! what I feared in my heart has fallen upon him."

At home the other brother stood by the golden lilies, and suddenly one of them fell off. "Ah, heaven!" said he, "some misfortune has happened to my brother! I must be off and see if I can save him."



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

But the father said: "Stay here. If I lose you too, what will become of me?"

"I must and will go," said the youth. So he mounted his golden horse and rode away till he came to the large forest where his brother lay in the form of a stone. Out of her house came the old witch. She called to him, and would have turned him to stone also, but, without going near her, he said, "I will shoot you if you do not restore my brother to me."

She was afraid of the brave brother, and touching the stone with her fingers she gave the gold child his human form again.

The two gold children were full of joy when they saw each other again, and kissed and embraced and rode together out of the forest. Then they parted—

THE GOLD CHILDREN

the one went to his bride and the other to his father.

The father said to the child that returned to him, "I knew that you had saved your brother, for the golden lily became fresh and blooming while you were gone."

After this they lived happily, and all went well with them till the end of their lives.



THE WHITE SNAKE

LONG ago there lived a king whose wisdom was the wonder of the world. Nothing was unknown to him, and it seemed as if the tidings of the most hidden things were borne to him through the air. He had, however, one strange custom: every noon, when the table was quite cleared and no one else was present, his trusty servant had to bring him a covered dish. The servant himself did not know what lay in it, and no man knew, for the king never ate thereof until he was quite alone.

THE WHITE SNAKE

This went on for a long time, until one day the servant who carried the dish was seized with such a desire to know the secret that he could not resist it, and so took the dish into his chamber. As soon as he had locked the door he raised the cover, and there lay before him a white snake. When he saw it he wished to taste it, so he cut a piece off and put it into his mouth. Scarcely had his tongue touched it when he heard before his window a strange whisper of low voices.

He listened, and found out that it was the sparrows, who were talking with one another and telling what each had seen in field or wood. The morsel of the snake had given him the power to understand the speech of animals.

Now it happened on this day that the queen lost her finest ring, and many thought this faithful servant, who had

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

the care of all her jewels, had stolen it. The king ordered him to appear before him and said in angry words that he should be taken up and tried if he did not know before the morrow whom to name as the guilty person.

In his distress and trouble the servant went away into the courtyard, thinking how he might help himself. There, on a running stream of water, the ducks were smoothing themselves down with their beaks while they talked to one another. The servant stood still and listened to them as they told where they had waddled and what nice food they had found. One said, in a vexed tone, "Something very hard is in my stomach, for in my haste I swallowed a ring which lay under the queen's window."

Then the servant caught the speaker up by her neck and carried her to the

THE WHITE SNAKE

cook, saying, "Just kill this fowl; it is fat."

"Yes," said the cook, lifting it in her hand, "it has spared no trouble in cramming itself; it ought to have been roasted long ago." So saying, she chopped off its head. When she cut the duck open, in its stomach was found the queen's ring.

The servant was now able to prove his innocence to the queen, who, wishing to repair the wrong done him, not only granted him pardon but offered him the greatest place of honor at court. The servant refused the office and asked for a horse and money instead, for he had a desire to see the world and to travel about it for a while.

As soon as his wish was granted he set off on his tour. One day he came to a pond, in which he saw three fishes caught in the reeds, gasping for water.

Although men say fishes are dumb, yet he heard their complaint that they must soon die. Having a kind heart he put them into the water again. They splashed about for joy and, putting their heads above the water, said to him, "We will be grateful and repay you for saving us."

The youth rode onward, and after a while heard, as it were, a voice in the sand at his feet. He listened and heard an ant king complain thus: "If these men would but keep away with their great fat beasts! Here comes an awkward horse treading my people underfoot without mercy." So he rode onto a side path, and the ant king called to him, "We will be grateful and reward you."

His way led him into a forest, and there he saw two ravens dragging their young out of their nest. "Off with you,"

THE WHITE SNAKE

they cried, "we can feed you no longer; you are big enough now to help yourselves."

The poor young ones lay on the ground beating their wings and crying: "We helpless children, we must feed ourselves, we who cannot fly yet! What is left to us but to die here of hunger?" Then the servant gave them food enough to last until they could fly, and they said, "We will be grateful and will reward you in time of need!"

After the youth had gone a long way he came to a large town, in the streets of which there was a great crowd. A man on horseback shouted as he rode, "The princess seeks a husband; but he who wins her must perform a hard task, and if he fails his life shall be lost."

Many had tried in vain. But when the youth saw the princess he was so

blinded by her beauty that he forgot all danger and, stepping before the king, offered himself as a suitor.

He was taken to the sea, and a golden ring was thrown in before his eyes. Then the king bade him fetch this ring up again from the bottom of the sea, adding, "If you rise without the ring you shall be thrown in again and again, until you perish in the waves." Everyone pitied the handsome youth as they left him alone on the seashore.

While he stood planning what he should do, he saw three fishes swimming toward him, and they were no others than the three whose lives he had saved. The middle one bore a mussel shell in its mouth, which it laid on the shore at the feet of the youth, who opened it and found the gold ring within.

THE WHITE SNAKE

Full of joy he took the jewel to the king, hoping that he should receive his reward. But the proud princess, when she saw that he was not her equal in birth, was ashamed of him and gave him a second task. She went into the garden and strewed there ten bags of millet seed in the grass, saying, "These he must pick up before sunrise tomorrow, and let him not miss one grain."

The youth sat down in the garden, wondering how he could do it, but as he could devise no way he sat there in sorrow, fearing at the dawn of day to be led to his death.

However, as soon as the first rays of the sun fell on the garden, he saw that the ten sacks were all filled and standing by him, while not a single grain was left in the grass. The ant king had come in the night with his thousands and thou-

sands of followers, and the grateful insects had picked up every seed of the millet and put it into the sacks.

The princess herself came into the garden and saw with wonder that the youth had done what was asked of him.

Still she could not bend her proud heart, and she said, "Although he may have done these two tasks, yet he shall not be my husband until he has brought me an apple from the tree of life."

The youth did not know where the tree of life stood. He started, indeed, and was willing to go, but he had no hope of finding it.

After he had gone through three kingdoms he came at evening to a forest and sat down under a tree, for he wished to sleep.

Suddenly he heard a rustling in the branches, and a golden apple fell into



his hand. At the same time three ravens flew down and settled on his knee, saying: "We are the three young ravens whom you saved from dying of hunger. When we were grown up and heard that you sought the golden apple, then we flew over the sea, even to the end of the world, where stands the tree of life, and we have brought you the apple."

Full of joy the youth set out on his return and gave the golden apple to the beautiful princess, who now had no more excuses. So they divided the apple of life, and after they had eaten it the heart of the princess was filled with love toward the youth, and they lived to a great age in peace and happiness.



THE MUSICIANS AT BREMEN

ONCE upon a time an ass that had been a faithful, hard-working animal for many years became unfit for heavy tasks because of his old age. His master therefore made up his mind to kill the poor creature.

The ass overheard some talk about his having outlived his usefulness, and being a shrewd animal ran away from the pasture, where he had been turned out to graze, and began a journey

toward Bremen. "There," he thought to himself, "as I have a good voice I may chance to be chosen town musician."

After he had traveled a little way he saw a dog lying panting by the roadside, as if he was too tired to go farther.

"What is it that makes you pant so, my friend?" asked the ass.

"Alas!" answered the dog, "my master was going to knock me on the head because I am so old and weak that I can no longer be of use to him in the chase. So I ran away. But what can I do to earn my living?"

"Hark ye," said the ass, "I am going to Bremen to be a musician. Comewith me."

The dog was glad of this friendly offer, so they jogged slowly along together until they met a cat in the middle of the road. She looked as sad as three wet days.

THE MUSICIANS AT BREMEN

“Pray, my good lady,” said the ass, “what is the matter with you? You look quite out of spirits.”

“Ah me!” answered Grimalkin; “how can a poor old body be in good spirits when her life is in danger. Because I am beginning to age, and would rather lie by the fire than run about the house to catch mice, my mistress, who used to stroke me gently and praise me for a good mouser,”—here the cat wiped tears from her blinking eyes, and choked with the words,—“she, my beloved mistress, laid hold of me this very day and tried to drown me. I was lucky enough to get away from her, but I know not how I am to live!”

“Oh,” said the ass, “by all means you must go with us to Bremen. You are a good singer at night and may make your fortune as one of the Waits.”

The ass introduced the cat to the dog, who gave her his paw and offered to carry her on his back until she should recover from her fright and feel quite able to walk.

The cat was pleased with the manners of both the ass and the dog. Indeed, the kindness of both made her feel stronger, so wiping her eyes with her tiny handkerchief she joined the party, saying she already felt able to walk.

Soon afterwards, as they passed a farmyard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, screaming with all his might.

"Bravo!" said the ass. "Upon my word, you make a fine noise. Pray what is it all about?"

"Why," said the cock, "I was just now telling all the neighbors that we have fine weather for our washing-day, and in spite of that my mistress and



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

the cook threaten to cut off my head to-morrow and make broth of me for the guests that are coming Sunday!"

"Heaven forbid!" said the ass; "come with us, Master Chanticleer. Anything will be better than staying here to have your head cut off. Besides, if we take care to sing in tune, we may get up a concert of our own. So come along with us."

"With all my heart!" said the cock.

So the four went on toward Bremen, the cat consenting to ride upon the dog's back when they had to cross puddles in the road, for you have, perhaps, noticed that cats do not like to get mud on their pretty paws. The cock perched upon the neck of the ass, and once in a while tried his voice to get it in tune with the ass's bray.

When night came the four friends turned into a wood to sleep. The ass

THE MUSICIANS AT BREMEN

and the tired dog lay down under a tree ; while the nimble cat climbed upon a low branch, resting as well as she could in a crotch of the tree. The cock, thinking that the higher he perched the safer he would be, flew nearly to the top of the tree. Looking about on all sides to see that no owl or nighthawk was near, he spied something bright in the distance. Calling to his companions, he said, "There surely must be a house close by, for I see a light."

"If that is true," said the ass, "we will change our quarters, for our lodgings here are not the best in the world!"

"Besides," added the dog, "I should like a bone or two, and I would not refuse a bit of meat."

"And maybe," said Puss, "a stray mouse or a saucer of milk for me may be found on the premises."

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So they walked away to the place where Chanticleer had seen the light. As they drew near, the light became larger and brighter, till at last they came close to a lonely house where a gang of robbers lived.

The ass, being the tallest of the musical band, marched up to the window and peeped in.

"Well, Donkey," said Chanticleer, "what do you see?"

"What do I see?" replied the ass. "Why, I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting around it making merry."

"That would be a comfortable lodging for us," said the cock.

"Yes," said the ass, "if we could only get inside."

So the friends put their wits to work to see how they could get rid of the robbers.

THE MUSICIANS AT BREMEN

At last they hit upon this plan, which you will agree was a clever one. The ass stood upright on his hind legs, with his forefeet resting on the window sill. The dog stood on the donkey's back, the cat scrambled up on the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up to sit on the cat's head.

When all were ready Chanticleer gave the signal by jerking the cat's head.

Then Puss mewed, the dog yapped, the ass brayed, and the cock crowed. In the noisiest part of this performance the donkey struck the window with his hoof, and they all tumbled through, making a hideous clatter!

The robbers, who had been frightened by the first notes of this strange serenade, scrambled out of the house as fast as they could, not doubting that hobgoblins had found their hiding-place.

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The robbers having gone, our travelers feasted upon what food was left, and when the last morsel was eaten they made ready for a good sleep.

The donkey chose a heap of straw in the yard and stretched his tired legs; the dog turned himself around and around, as dogs will before lying down, and then dropped upon a mat behind the door; the cat curled herself cosily on the hearth; the cock perched upon the ridgepole of the house; and all were soon fast asleep.

When the robbers, who were still lurking around, saw that the lights were put out, they began to think they had been too easily scared away from their booty, and the boldest one of them went back to see what might be going on. As there was no sound or sign of hobgoblins he marched into the kitchen and groped

THE MUSICIANS AT BREMEN

around until he found a match to light a candle.

Suddenly the robber caught sight of the fiery eyes of Grimalkin, and mistaking them for live coals held the match near them. The cat, not liking such a joke, sprang at his face and scratched him with all her might. This frightened the robber so that he ran for the back door, but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg.

As the man hurried out to the yard, the ass, angry at being broken of much-needed rest, leaped up and viciously kicked him, while the cock, always a light sleeper, began to crow with all his might.

At this the robber ran to his comrades and told the captain of the band that a horrid witch had got into the house and had spit at him and had scratched his

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face with her long bony fingers, that a man had hidden behind the door and stabbed him in the leg, that a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club, and that a demon sat on the housetop and shouted: "Throw the rascal up here! throw the rascal up here! throw the rascal up here!"

After this the robbers did not dare to go back to the house, and our musical friends were so well pleased with their quarters that they never tried to go any nearer to Bremen.



BRIAR ROSE

IN OLDEN times there lived a king and queen who wished day by day that they had children, and yet never a one was born.

One day, as the queen was bathing, a frog hopped out of the water and said to her, "You shall have your wish; before a year passes you shall have a daughter."

As the frog had said, so it happened, and a little girl was born who was so beautiful that the king almost lost his senses.

He ordered a great feast to be held, and invited to it not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances but also twelve fairy women who are kind to children. There happened to be thirteen of these in his kingdom, but, since he had only twelve golden plates from which they could eat, one had to stay at home.

The feast was held, and as soon as it was over the wise women gave the infant their wonderful gifts: one gave virtue, another beauty, a third riches, and so on, until the child had everything that is to be desired in the world.

Just as eleven had given their presents, the thirteenth old lady stepped in. She was in a passion because she had not been invited, and without greeting or looking at anyone she exclaimed loudly, "The princess shall prick herself with a spindle on her fifteenth birthday and

BRIAR ROSE

die!" Immediately she turned her back and left the hall.

All were terrified. But the twelfth fairy, who had not yet made her wish, stepped up, and because she could not take away the evil wish, but could only soften it, she said, "The princess shall not die of the wound, but shall fall into a sleep for a hundred years."

Then the king, who wished to protect his child from this fate, made a decree that every spindle in the kingdom should be burned.

In time all the wishes of the wise women were fulfilled, and the maiden became so beautiful, gentle, virtuous, and clever that everyone who saw her fell in love with her.

On the day that she was fifteen years old she happened to be left alone in the castle. The maiden looked about in

every place, going through all the rooms and chambers just as she pleased, until she came at last to an old tower.

Up the narrow, winding staircase she tripped, until she came to a door in the lock of which was a rusty key. This she turned, the door swung open, and there, in a little room, sat an old woman spinning flax.

"Good day, my good old lady," said the princess, "what are you doing here?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is this which twists round so merrily?" asked the maiden, as she took the spindle to try her hand at spinning.

Scarcely had she done so when she pricked her finger, and at the very same moment fell back in a deep sleep upon a bed which stood near.



Blanche Fisherlaite

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Everybody in the castle fell asleep also. The king and queen, who had just returned, fell asleep in the hall, and all their courtiers with them; the horses in the stables, the doves upon the eaves, the flies upon the walls, and even the fire upon the hearth all ceased to stir; the meat which was cooking stopped sizzling; and the cook, at the instant of pulling the hair of the kitchen boy, lost his hold and began to snore. The wind fell, and not a leaf rustled on the trees around the castle.

Soon a thick hedge of briars began to grow around the palace. Every year it grew higher and higher, till the castle was quite hidden from view, so that one could not even see the flag upon the tower.

Then there went through the land a legend of the beautiful maiden Briar Rose (for so was the sleeping princess

BRIAR ROSE

named), and from time to time princes came and tried to break through the hedge into the castle. This was impossible, for the thorns held them, as if by hands, and the youths, unable to release themselves, perished miserably.

After the lapse of many years there came into the country the son of another king. He heard an old man tell the legend of the hedge of briars, behind which stood a castle where slept a fair and lovely princess called Briar Rose who had slumbered nearly a hundred years, and with her the king and queen and all their court. The old man also told what he had heard from his grandfather, that many a prince had come from afar and tried to get through the hedge, but had died a miserable death.

This youth was not to be daunted, and however much the old man tried to

dissuade him, he only answered, "I fear not; I will see this hedge of briars!"

Just at that time came the last day of the hundred years, when Briar Rose was to wake again.

As the young prince drew near the hedge the thorns turned to large, fine flowers which, of their own accord, made a way for him to pass through and again closed behind him.

In the courtyard he saw the horses and dogs lying fast asleep, and on the eaves were the doves with their heads beneath their wings.

In the house he saw the flies asleep upon the wall, the cook still standing with his hand on the hair of the kitchen boy, and the maid at the board with the fowl in her hand. He went on, and found the courtiers lying asleep in the hall, and above, by the throne, were the

BRIAR ROSE

king and the queen. He went on farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear himself breathe, till at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where slept Briar Rose.

There she lay, looking so beautiful that he could not turn away his eyes, and he bent over her and kissed her. As he did so she opened her eyes, awoke, and greeted him with smiles.

Then they went downstairs together, and instantly the king and the queen and the whole court awoke and stared at each other.

Then the horses in the stable got up and shook themselves; the dogs wagged their tails; the doves upon the eaves drew their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew away; the flies upon the walls began to crawl; the fire began to burn brightly and to cook the

meat ; the meat began again to sizzle ; the cook gave the kitchen boy a box upon the ear which made him call out ; and the maid began to pluck the fowl. The whole palace was once more in motion, as if nothing had occurred, for the hundred years' sleep had made no change in anyone.

By and by the wedding of the prince and Briar Rose was celebrated with great splendor, and to the end of their days they lived contented and happy.



THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

THERE was once a poor wood-cutter who lived with his wife and three daughters in a little hut at the edge of a large forest.

One morning when he went out to his usual work he said to his wife: "Let my dinner be brought by our eldest daughter, for I shall not be ready to come home until evening. That she may not lose her way I will take with me a bag of seeds and strew them in my path."

When the sun was risen to the center of the heavens the maiden set out on her way, carrying a jug of soup. But the

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field-sparrows and wood-sparrows, the larks, blackbirds, goldfinches, and greenfinches had picked up the seeds, so that the maiden could find no trace of the way.

She walked on, trusting to fortune, till the sun set and night came on. The trees rustled in the darkness, the owls hooted, and the girl began to feel afraid. All at once she saw a shining light at a distance among the trees.

"Surely people must dwell there," she thought, "who will keep me during the night," and she walked toward the light.

In a short time she came to a cottage where the windows were all lighted up, and when she knocked at the door a hoarse voice called, "Come in."

The girl opened the door and saw a hoary old man sitting at a table with his face buried in his hands, and his white beard flowing over the table down to the

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ground. On the hearth lay three animals—a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow.

The girl told the old man her adventures and begged for a night's lodging. The man said:

“Pretty hen, pretty cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What have you to say now?”

“Cluck!” said the fowls; and as that meant they were satisfied, the old man said to the maiden: “Here is abundance and to spare. Go into the kitchen and cook some supper for us.”

The girl found plenty of everything in the kitchen and cooked a good meal, but thought nothing about the animals.

When the supper was ready she carried a full dish into the room, and, sitting down opposite the old man, ate till her hunger was satisfied. This done, she

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said: "I am very tired. Where shall I sleep?"

The animals replied:

"An ungracious guest,
You have eaten your fill
Without thought of us,
But we bear no ill will;
You may stay here and rest."

Thereupon the old man said: "Step down the stairs and you will come to a room containing two beds. Shake them up and cover them with white sheets, and then I will come and lie down to sleep myself."

The maiden stepped down the stairs, and as soon as she had shaken up the beds and covered them afresh she laid herself down in one.

After some time the old man came, and looking at the girl shook his head when he saw that she was fast asleep.

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Then, opening a trapdoor, he dropped her down into the cellar below.

Late in the evening the woodcutter went home and scolded his wife because she had let him hunger all day long.

"It is not my fault," she replied; "the girl was sent out with your dinner. She must have lost her way, but tomorrow, no doubt, she will return."

At daybreak the next morning the woodcutter got up to go into the forest, and told his wife to send the second daughter with his dinner this time. "I will take a bag of peas," he said. "They are larger than corn seed, and the girl will therefore see them better and not lose my track."

At noonday the girl set out with her father's dinner, but the peas had all disappeared, for the wood birds had picked them up as they had picked up the seeds

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on the day before. So the girl wandered about till it was quite dark, and then she also arrived at the old man's hut, was invited in, and begged food and a night's lodging.

The man of the white beard asked his animals again:

“Pretty hen, pretty cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What have you to say now?”

They answered, “Cluck!” and everything happened as on the previous day.

The girl cooked a meal, ate and drank with the old man, but did not once think of the animals. When she asked for her bed they made answer:

“An ungracious guest,
You have eaten your fill
Without thought of us,
But we bear no ill will;
You may stay here and rest.”



As soon as she had gone to sleep the old man came, and after looking at her and shaking his head as before he dropped her into the cellar below.

On the third morning the woodcutter told his wife to send their youngest child with his dinner.

"For," said he, "she is always obedient and good; she will keep in the right path and will not run about like her sisters!"

But the mother refused and said, "Shall I lose my youngest child too?"

"Be not afraid of that," said her husband. "The girl will not miss her way; she is too steady and prudent. But I will take beans to strew. They are larger than peas and will show her the way better."

By and by, when the girl went out with her basket on her arm, she found that the wood pigeons had eaten up all the beans, and she knew not which way

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to turn. She was full of trouble, and thought with sorrow how her father would want his dinner and how her dear mother would grieve when she did not return. At length, when it became quite dark, she also saw the lighted cottage, and entering it begged very politely to be allowed to pass the night there.

The old man asked the animals a third time in the same words:

“Pretty hen, pretty cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What have you to say now?”

“Cluck, cluck!” said they. Thereupon the maiden stepped up to the fire, near which they lay, and fondled the pretty hen and cock, smoothing their plumage down with her hands and stroking the cow between her horns.

Afterwards, when at the old man’s request she had prepared a good supper

and had placed the dishes on the table, she thought to herself: "I must not satisfy my own hunger until I have fed these good creatures. There is plenty in the kitchen. I will serve them first."

Thus thinking, she brought some corn and strewed it before the fowls, and then she gave an armful of hay to the cow.

"Now, eat away, you good creatures," said she to them, "and when you are thirsty you shall have a cool, fresh drink." So saying she brought in a pailful of water, and the hen and cock perched themselves on its edge, put their beaks in, and then drew their heads up as birds do when drinking. The cow also took a hearty draft.

After the animals were thus fed, the maiden sat down at table with the old man and ate what was left for her.

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In a short time the hen and cock began to fold their wings over their heads, and the brindled cow blinked with both eyes. Then the maiden asked, "Shall we not also take our rest?"

The old man replied as before:

"Pretty hen, pretty cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What have you to say now?"

"Cluck, cluck!" replied the animals, meaning,

"Dear courteous guest,
You ate not until
You had waited on us
With hearty good will;
We hope you will rest."

So the maiden went down the stairs and shook up the feather beds and laid on clean sheets. When they were ready the old man came and lay down in one, with his white beard stretching down to

his feet. The girl then lay down in the other bed, saying her prayers before she went to sleep.

She slept quietly till midnight. At that hour there began such a tumult in the house that it awakened her. Presently she heard a cracking and rumbling in every corner of the room, and the doors were slammed back against the wall.

Then the beams groaned as if they were being torn away from their fastenings, and the stairs fell down, and at last it seemed as if the whole roof fell in. Soon after that all was quiet, and the maiden, who was unharmed, went quietly to sleep again.

When, however, the bright light of the morning sun awoke her, what a sight met her eyes! She found herself lying in a large chamber, with every-

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thing around belonging to regal pomp. On the walls were gold flowers growing on a green-silk ground, the bed was of ivory, and the curtains of red velvet. On a stool close by was placed a pair of slippers ornamented with pearls.

The maiden thought it was all a dream, but presently in came three servants dressed in rich liveries, who asked her what were her commands.

“Leave me,” replied the maiden; “I will get up at once and cook some breakfast for the old man and feed the pretty hen, the pretty cock, and the brindled cow.” She spoke thus because she thought the old man was already up, but when she looked round at his bed she saw a young and handsome stranger asleep in it.

While she was looking at him he awoke, and starting up said to the

maiden: "I am a king's son who was long ago changed by a wicked old witch into the form of an old man and condemned to live in the wood, with nobody to bear me company but my three servants in the forms of a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow. The enchantment was not to end until a maiden should come who would be kind to my animals as well as to me. Such you have been; therefore at midnight we were saved through you, and the old wooden hut has again become my royal palace."

When he had thus spoken they arose, and the prince told his three servants to fetch the father and mother of the maiden, that they also might live in the palace.

"But where are my two sisters?" asked the maiden.

"I have put them into the cellar,"

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replied the prince, "and there they must remain till tomorrow morning, when they shall be led into the forest and bound as servants to a collier. When they have reformed their tempers and learned not to let poor animals suffer hunger, they, too, may live here."



THUMBLING, THE DWARF WHO BECAME A GIANT

ONCE upon a time an honest farmer had a son born to him who was no bigger than my thumb, and for a number of years the child did not grow a hairbreadth taller.

One day as the father was going to the field to plow, his little son said, "Father, let me go too?"

"No," said his father; "stay where you are. You can do no good out of doors, and if you go, I might lose you."

THUMBLING, THE DWARF

Little Thumbling began to cry, and to quiet him his father at last said he might go.

Of course Thumbling could not keep up with his father on the way to the field, so the good man put the child in his pocket, and when they arrived at the field took him carefully out and set him upon the top of a newly made furrow so that the little fellow could look about him.

While Thumbling was sitting there a giant came striding over the hill, a long way off, and the farmer said: "See that tall steeple man. Take care that he does not run away with you."

Now the father only said this to frighten Thumbling, so that he would not stray out of sight. But the giant came close to the furrow, with only a step or two, and seeing Thumbling picked

him up to see if he were really a child or a new sort of grasshopper or cricket. Thumbling was not a bit afraid, and as the giant's hand was warm, he rather liked walking about on it. The giant took a liking to the midget, though the father stood aside speechless with fright, for he thought he should never again see his dear child.

The giant, however, was very gentle with Thumbling, taking him to his house in the woods, where he fed him with tiny morsels of the same kind of food upon which giants thrive.

So Thumbling grew tall and strong like the giant who had adopted him.

At the end of two years the old giant took Thumbling into the woods and put him beside a slender white birch tree, bidding him pull it up by the roots for a walking-stick.

THUMBLING, THE DWARF

The lad easily tore the young tree out of the ground by its roots, and the giant was well pleased, but determined that Thumbling should grow even stronger. So he kept him two years longer, feeding him on giant's fare, and then took him again to the woods, this time placing him beside an oak tree.

"Pull it up, my little man," said the giant, and Thumbling did as he was bidden.

Then the old giant said, "Well done, you will get along now without any help," and so saying he carried Thumbling back to the field where he first found him.

Thumbling's father happened to be plowing, just as he was when his son was lost, and the young giant went proudly up to him and said: "Look, father! See me! Don't you know who I am? Don't you know your own son?"

But the farmer was frightened and cried out, "No, no, you are not my son."

"Indeed, I am your own son. Let me plow a little. I've grown strong and can plow as well as you."

"No, no, go your way," said the father, who, truth to tell, was afraid of the tall man before him. At last he let go of the plow and sat down on the ground beside it.

Then the youth grasped the plow handles, and with but a slight push drove the plowshare deep, deep into the soil.

The farmer was not pleased with the work, and said more harm than good came of such deep plowing. But his son unhitched the horses and said, "Father, go home and tell my mother that I want a good dinner."

THUMBLING, THE DWARF.

When his father was out of sight the giant went on driving the plow without any horses till the whole field was turned over, then he harrowed it while the horses rested, and when all was done he took up the plow, harrow, horses, and all as if they were only a bundle of straw and started for the house. On reaching home he sat down on a bench, saying, "Now, mother, is dinner ready?"

"Yes," said she, not daring to deny him anything. So enough food was brought to have lasted his parents eight days, but the son ate it all and then said: "I see plainly, father, that I shall not get enough to eat in this house. If you will give me an iron walking-stick, so strong that I cannot break it across my knee, I will go away again."

The farmer gladly hitched his two horses to the cart, drove them to the

forge, and dragged back a bar of iron as long and thick as the horses could draw.

The lad snapped the bar across his knee as if it were only a dry beanstalk. "I see, father," said he, "you can get no stick that will do for me, so I will go and try my luck for myself."

Then away he went and turned blacksmith. He traveled till he came to a village where lived a miserly smith who earned a great deal of money, but kept it all for himself.

Thumbling, now a young giant, you must remember, stepped up to the blacksmith and asked if he wanted to hire a journeyman.

"Ay," said the cunning smith, as he looked at the stout young man and thought how lustily he could work. "What wages do you ask?"

"I want no pay, but every fortnight



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when the other workmen are paid you shall let me give you two strokes over your shoulders, just to amuse myself."

The old smith thought he could bear this very well, and reckoned on saving a great deal of money by such a bargain, which was struck at once.

The next morning the new workman was about to begin work, but at the first stroke the red-hot iron was split in pieces and the anvil sunk so deep into the earth that it could not be got out.

This made the master smith very angry, and he shouted: "I can't have you for a workman; you are too clumsy. We must put an end to our bargain."

"Very well," replied the young giant, "but you must pay for what I have done. Let me give you one of the little strokes agreed upon, and we shall be quits." Saying which he gave the man a thump

THUMBLING, THE DWARF

that sent him flying over a load of hay which was standing near. Then he took the thickest bar of iron on which he could lay his hands and went jogging along with it for a walking-stick.

The first stop he made was at a farmhouse, where he asked for work as a foreman. The farmer hired him at once, making the same agreement as that entered upon with the blacksmith.

In the morning when all the workmen were ready to start, the giant was found asleep.

"Come, get up," said one of them to him. "It is high time to be stirring."

"Go your way," Thumbling sleepily muttered. "I shall do my work and get home long before you." So he lay in bed two hours longer, then got up, cooked and ate his breakfast, and leisurely harnessed his horses to go to the wood.

Just before the wood was a hollow way through which he must pass, so he drove his cart on first and built up behind him a heap of brush and briars through which no horse could pass. This done he drove on, and on entering the wood met the others coming out to go home.

"Drive away," he called out cheerfully, "I shall be there before you." However, he had gone but a little way when he concluded to tear up one of the largest trees to take home on his cart. When he came to the brush heap in the hollow he found all the men standing there, unable to pass by.

"So," said he, "if you had stayed with me, you would have been home just as soon, and you might have slept two hours longer, as I did." So saying he put the tree on one shoulder and the

THUMBLING, THE DWARF

cart on the other, and strode through the barrier as if he were laden only with feathers. When he reached the yard he showed the tree to the farmer and asked what he thought of his little walking-stick.

"Wife," said the farmer at supper, "this man is worth something. If he sleeps longer than the others, he still works better than they."

Time went on, until he had been on the farm a whole year, and when the others were paid, he said he also had a right to his promised wages.

Great dread came upon the farmer when he thought of the blows he was to have, so he begged to have the old bargain given up, offering his whole farm with all its stock instead.

"Not I," replied the giant; "I will be no farmer. A foreman I am, and a fore-

man I will remain. You must pay as you agreed."

Finding he could do nothing with this stubborn workman, the farmer begged for a fortnight's respite, which was granted. So he called all his friends in to get their advice on the matter.

The friends took a long time to consider, and at last agreed that the shortest way out of all the trouble would be to kill the foreman, and be done with it. It was arranged that he should be ordered to carry some great millstones to the edge of the well, down which he should be sent to clean it out. While he was at the bottom of the well, the stones could be tumbled down upon his head.

So down into the well Thumbling went, and the stones were rolled after him. As the stones struck the bottom,

THUMBLING, THE DWARF

water splashed to the very top. Of course the men thought the giant's head must be crushed, but what was their surprise to hear him shout: "Drive those chickens away from the well. They are scratching the sand about, and it falls into my eyes!"

When his work in the well was finished, up he sprang to the surface, laughing at the joke which they had been playing on him. "See what a fine neckcloth I have," he said, pointing to one of the millstones that had fallen over his head and hung about his neck like a loose-fitting collar.

The farmer was again overcome by fear and begged for another fortnight to think about his debt to the foreman. Again his friends advised him. This time they said the giant should be sent at night to grind corn in a haunted mill,

out of which no man ever came alive. That very night the farmer sent him to the mill with eight bushels of corn to be ground.

Away Thumbling went to the barn loft, where he put two bushels of corn into his right pocket, two into his left, and four into a long sack which he slung over his shoulders, and then set off to the mill.

The miller told him that the mill was bewitched, so that he could only grind by daylight, for whoever went in at night was found dead the next morning.

"Never mind, miller, I'll come out safe. Only make haste to get out of the way, and look out for me in the morning." So saying, the giant went into the mill, put the corn into the hopper, and about twelve o'clock sat down on the bench in the miller's room.

THUMBLING, THE DWARF

In a few minutes the door opened of itself and in came a table well set with a hearty meal. The chairs moved themselves up, and as the man was hungry he took a seat and ate whatever he liked best.

All of a sudden the lights went out, but this merry fellow said to himself, "No matter; one does not need a candle to go to sleep by."

As soon as it was pitch dark he felt a heavy blow upon his head. "Foul play!" he said; "if I get another box on the ear I shall hit back," and this he did when the blow came. This was kept up until morning, and not for one moment did the courageous fellow feel afraid.

At daybreak the miller came in and was greeted with: "Good morning to you. I've had a few slaps in the face, but I gave as good as I took, and meantime I've eaten as much as I liked."

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The miller was glad to find that the evil spell was broken, and he would have given the brave foreman a large sum of money. But the man said, "I have all I need," and taking the meal on his back went home to his master to claim his wages.

The farmer was now in great trouble, and as he paced up and down the room great drops of sweat rolled down his face. He opened a window to get some fresh air, and before he knew it the foreman gave him a blow that sent him flying over the hills and far away. The next blow sent the farmer's wife after her husband, and for aught I know they are flying yet. The foreman did not look after them, but took his stick and walked away.



THE IRON STOVE

I N THE days when wishing was having, a certain king's son was enchanted by an old witch and obliged to sit in a great iron stove which stood in a wood! There he passed many years, for nobody could release him. One day a princess who had lost herself, and could not find her way back to her father's kingdom, came, after nine days' wandering, to the spot where the iron stove stood.

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As she came near the stove she heard a voice say, "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?"

"I have lost the road to my father's kingdom and am unable to find my home!" the princess replied.

"I will help you, and that in a short time," said the voice from the iron stove, "if you will consent to what I desire. I am the child of a far greater king than your father, and I am willing to marry you."

The princess was frightened at this and exclaimed, "What can I do with an iron stove?" but as she was anxious to get home she consented to follow his directions.

The prince told her that she might go home, but she must return and bring with her a knife with which to cut a hole in the stove, and then he gave her

THE IRON STOVE

such minute directions as to her road that in two hours she reached her father's palace.

There was great joy there when the princess returned, and the old king fell on her neck and kissed her; but she was very unhappy, and said: "Alas, my dear father, how things have happened! I should never have got home out of the great wild wood had it not been for an iron stove which I have promised to marry."

The king was so frightened when he heard this that he fell into a swoon, for she was his only daughter. When he recovered they resolved that the miller's daughter, a very pretty girl, should take the princess's place; and so the maiden was led to the spot, furnished with a knife, and told to scrape a hole in the iron stove.

For four and twenty hours she scraped and scraped without making the least bit of a hole; and when day broke, the voice out of the stove exclaimed, "It seems to me like daylight."

"Yes," replied the girl, "it seems so to me, too, and methinks I hear the clapping of my father's mill."

"Oh, then, you are the miller's daughter," said the voice again. "Well, you may go home and send the princess to me."

The girl therefore returned and told the king the stove would not have her, but demanded his daughter. This frightened the king and made the princess weep. But the king had also in his service a swineherd's daughter, prettier still than the miller's, to whom he offered a piece of gold if she would go to the iron stove instead of the princess.

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Thereupon this girl went away and scraped for four and twenty hours on the iron without making any impression. When day broke, a voice in the stove exclaimed, "It seems to me like daylight."

"Yes, it is so," said the girl, "for I hear my father's horn."

"You are, then, the swineherd's daughter," said the voice. "Go back and tell the princess, who sent you, that it must be as I said; and if she does not come to me everything in the old kingdom shall fall to pieces and not one stone be left upon another anywhere."

As soon as the princess heard this she began to cry, but it was of no use, for her promise must be kept. So she took leave of her father and, carrying a knife with her, set out toward the iron stove in the wood.

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As soon as she reached it she began to scrape the iron, and before two hours had passed she had made a small hole. Through this she peeped, and inside the stove she beheld a handsome prince, whose clothes glittered with gold and precious stones.

Then she scraped away faster than before, and soon made a hole so large that the prince could get out.

"You are mine, and I am yours," he said, as soon as he stood on the earth. "You are my bride, because you have saved me."

He wanted to take the princess at once to his father's kingdom, but she begged that she might go back to her father to take leave of him.

The prince consented to this, but said she must not speak more than three words and must return immediately.

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Thereupon the princess went home, but alas! she said many more than three words; and the iron stove disappeared and was carried far away over many icy mountains and snowy valleys, but without the prince, who was no longer shut up in his prison.

By and by the princess took leave of her father and, taking a little gold, went back into the wood and sought for the iron stove, but could find it nowhere. For nine days she searched, and then her hunger became so great that she knew not how to help herself, and thought she must perish.

When evening came she climbed up a little tree, for she feared the wild beasts which night would bring forth.

Just at midnight she saw a little light at a distance. "Ah, there I may find help," thought she; and getting down

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she went toward the light, saying a prayer as she walked along.

She soon came to a little hut surrounded with grass, and before the door stood a heap of wood.

"Ah, how came you here?" thought she to herself, as she peeped through the window, and saw nothing but fat little toads and a table covered with meat and wine and dishes made of silver. She took courage and knocked, and a toad exclaimed:

"Little toad with crooked leg,
Open quick the door, I beg,
And see who stands without."

As soon as these words were spoken, a little toad came running up and opened the door, and the princess walked in. The toads very politely bade her welcome and asked her to sit down. They then



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inquired whence she came and whither she was going.

The princess told the toads that because she had spoken more than three words the stove had disappeared, as well as the prince, and now she was about to search over hill and valley till she should find him.

On hearing this the old toad cried out:

“Little toad with crooked leg,
Quickly fetch for me, I beg,
The basket hanging on the peg.”

So the little toad brought the basket to the old one, who took meat and milk from it and gave them to the princess. After that he showed her a beautiful bed made of silk and velvet, in which, under God's protection, she slept soundly.

As soon as day broke, the princess arose; and the old toad gave her three

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needles to take with her which would be of great use, since she would have to pass over a mountain of glass, three sharp swords, and a big lake before she would regain her lover.

The old toad gave her, besides the three needles, a plow-wheel and three nuts.

With these the princess set out on her way, and by and by came to the glass mountain, which was so smooth that she used the three needles as steps for her feet, and so reached the top.

When she came to the other side she put the needles in a secure place, and soon coming to the three swords, she rolled over them by means of her plow-wheel.

At last she came to a great lake, and when she had passed that she found herself near a fine large castle that be-

longed to her lost prince. She entered and offered herself as a servant, saying she was a poor girl who had rescued a king's son from an iron stove which stood in the forest.

After some delay she was hired as a kitchenmaid at very small wages, and soon found out that the prince was going to marry another lady because he supposed his princess was dead.

One evening, when the princess had washed and made herself neat, she felt in her pocket and found the three nuts which the old toad had given her. One of them she cracked and found in it a fine royal dress instead of a kernel. The bride said she must have it, for it was no dress for a kitchenmaid; but the princess said she would sell it only on condition that she might be allowed to pass a night by the chamber of the prince.

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This request was granted because the bride was anxious to have the dress, which was more beautiful than any of her own. When evening came she told her lover that the silly girl wanted to pass the night near his room.

“If you are contented, so am I,” he replied; but she gave him a glass of wine into which she put a sleeping draft. In consequence he slept so soundly that the poor princess could not wake him, although she cried the whole night, and kept repeating: “I saved you in the wild forest and released you from the iron stove. I have sought you, and I traveled over a mountain of glass and over three sharp swords and across a wide lake before I found you, and still you will not hear me!”

The servants, however, who slept in the anteroom, heard the complaint and told the king of it the following morning.

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That evening, after the princess had washed herself, she cracked the second nut and found in it a dress more beautiful than the other, and the bride declared she must have it also. But it was not to be purchased except on the same condition as the first, and the prince again allowed her to sleep near his door.

The bride, however, gave the prince another sleeping draft, and he slept too soundly to hear the poor princess crying as before: "I saved you in the wild forest and released you from the iron stove. I have sought you, and I traveled over a mountain of glass and over three sharp swords and across a wide lake before I found you, and still you will not hear me!"

The servants, however, in the ante-room, heard the crying again and told the prince of it the next morning.

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On the evening of that day the poor maid broke her third nut and produced a dress starred with gold, which the bride declared she must have at any price, and the maid begged for the same privilege as before. This time the prince threw away the sleeping draft, and therefore when the princess began to cry, "Alas! my dear treasure, have you forgotten how I saved you in the great wild wood and released you from the iron stove?" the prince heard her and, jumping up, exclaimed: "You are right. I am yours, and you are mine."

Thereupon, while it was yet night, he got into a carriage with the princess, first hiding the clothes of the false bride so that she might not follow them.

When they came to the lake they rowed over very quickly, and passed the three sharp swords again by means of

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the plow-wheel. Soon they crossed the glass mountain by the aid of the three needles, and arrived at last at the little old house, which, as soon as they entered, was changed into a noble castle.

At the same moment all the toads were disenchanted and returned to their natural shapes, for they were the sons of the king of the country.

So the wedding took place, and the prince and princess remained for some time in the castle. However, because the old king grieved at his daughter's continued absence, they went to live with him, and, joining the government of the two kingdoms in one, they reigned many years in happiness and prosperity.



SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

THERE was once a poor widow who lived all alone in a hut with her two children, who were called Snow-White and Rose-Red because they were like the flowers which bloomed on two rosebushes that grew before the door. They were two as pious, good, industrious, and amiable children as any in the world. Snow-White was more quiet and gentle than Rose-Red, for Rose-Red would run and jump about the meadows, seeking flowers, while Snow-

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White sat at home helping her mother to keep house, or reading to her, if there were nothing else to do.

The two children loved each other dearly, and always walked hand in hand when they went out together; whenever they talked of it they agreed that they would never separate from each other, and that whatever one had the other should share.

They often ran deep into the forest and gathered wild berries, but no beast ever harmed them. The hare would eat grass out of their hands, the fawn would graze at their side, the goats would frisk about them in play, and the birds remained perched on the boughs singing as if nobody were near.

No accident ever befell them; and if they stayed late in the forest, and night came upon them, they used to lie down

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on the moss and sleep till morning. Because their mother knew they would do so, she felt no concern about them.

One time they had thus passed the night in the forest, and when the dawn of morning awoke them they saw a beautiful child dressed in shining white sitting near their couch. She got up and looked at them kindly, but without saying anything went into the forest. When the children looked round they saw that they had slept close to the edge of a pit, into which they would have fallen had they walked a step further in the dark.

Their mother told them the figure they had seen was doubtless the good angel who watches over children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter it. Every morning in the summer time Rose-Red would first

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put the house in order and then gather a nosegay for her mother, in which she always placed a bud from each rose tree. Every winter's morning Snow-White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil, and although the kettle was made of copper it shone like gold because it was so well scoured.

In the evenings, when the flakes of snow were falling, the mother would say, "Go, Snow-White, and bolt the door"; and then they used to sit down on the hearth, and the mother would put on her spectacles and read out of a great book, while her children sat spinning. By their side, too, lay a little lamb, and on a perch behind them a little white dove rested with her head under her wing.

One evening, when they were thus sitting together, there came a knock at the door, as if somebody wished to come in.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

“Make haste, Rose-Red,” cried her mother; “make haste and open the door. Perhaps there is some traveler outside who needs shelter.”

So Rose-Red drew the bolt and opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside, but instead a great fat bear poked his black head in.

Rose-Red shrieked and ran back, the little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow-White hid herself behind her mother’s bed.

The bear, however, began to speak, and said: “Be not afraid; I will do you no harm. But I am half frozen, and I wish to come in and warm myself.”

“Poor bear!” cried the mother; “come in and lie down before the fire, but take care you do not burn yourself.” And then she said, “Come here, Rose-Red and Snow-White, the bear will

not harm you." So they both came back, and by degrees the lamb and the dove overcame their fears and welcomed the rough visitor.

"You, children," said the bear, before he entered, "come and knock the snow off my coat." Then Rose-Red and Snow-White took their brooms and swept him clean, and he stretched himself before the fire and grumbled out his satisfaction.

In a little while the children became familiar enough to play tricks with the unwieldy animal. They pulled his long, shaggy fur, set their feet upon his back and rolled him to and fro, and even ventured to beat him with a hazel-stick, laughing when he grumbled.

The bear bore all their tricks with good temper, and if they hit too hard he cried out:

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

“Leave me my life, you children,
Snow-White and Rose-Red,
Or you’ll never wed.”

When bedtime came and the others were gone, the mother said to the bear, “You may sleep here on the hearth if you like, and then you will be safely protected from the cold and bad weather.”

As soon as day broke, the two children let the bear out, and he trotted away over the snow.

Afterwards he came every evening at a certain hour. He would lie down on the hearth and allow the children to play with him as much as they liked, till by degrees they became so accustomed to him that the door was left unbolted till their black friend arrived.

But when spring returned, and everything out of doors was green again, the bear one morning told Snow-White that

he must leave her, and could not return during the whole summer.

“Where are you going, then, dear bear?” asked Snow-White.

“I must go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil dwarfs. For in winter, when the ground is hard, they are obliged to keep in their holes, and cannot work through; but now, since the sun has thawed the earth and warmed it, the dwarfs pierce through and steal all they can find, and what has once passed into their hands and gets concealed by them in their caves is not easily brought to light.”

Snow-White, however, was very sad at the departure of the bear, and opened the door so hesitatingly that when he pressed through it he left behind on the latch a piece of his hairy coat, and through the hole which was made in

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

his coat Snow-White fancied she saw the glittering of gold, but she was not quite certain of it. The bear, however, ran hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the trees.

Some time afterwards the mother sent her children into the wood to gather sticks. On the way they came to a tree lying across the path, on the trunk of which something kept bobbing up and down, and they could not imagine what it was.

When they came nearer they saw that it was a dwarf with an old, wrinkled face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of this beard was fixed in a slit of the tree, and the little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by a chain, for he did not know how to free himself.

He glared at the maidens with his red, fiery eyes, and exclaimed: "Why do you

stand there? Are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?"

"What have you done, little man?" asked Rose-Red.

"You stupid, gazing goose!" exclaimed he, "I wanted to split the tree in order to get a little wood for my kitchen. I drove the wedge in properly, and everything was going on well, when the smooth wood flew upwards and the tree closed so suddenly together that I could not draw out my beautiful beard, and here it sticks, and I cannot get away. There, don't laugh, you milk-face thing!"

The children took all the pains they could to pull the dwarf's beard out, but without success.

"I will run and fetch some help," cried Rose-Red at length.

"Crack-brained sheepshead that you



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are!" snarled the dwarf; "what are you going to call other people for? You are two too many, now, for me. Can you think of nothing else?"

"Don't be impatient," replied Snow-White, "I have thought of something," and pulling her scissors out of her pocket she cut off the end of the beard.

As soon as the dwarf found himself at liberty he snatched up a sack of gold which lay between the roots of the tree and, throwing it over his shoulder, marched off, grumbling, groaning, and crying: "Stupid people, to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard! Plague take you!" and away he went without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards Snow-White and Rose-Red went fishing, and as they neared the pond they saw something like a great locust hopping about on the

bank, as if going to jump into the water. They ran up and recognized the dwarf.

“What are you after?” asked Rose-Red. “You will fall into the water.”

“I am not quite such a simpleton as that,” replied the dwarf; “but do you not see that this fish will pull me in?”

The little man had been sitting there angling, and unfortunately the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing-line; and so when a great fish bit at the bait the weak little fellow was not able to draw it out, and the fish had the best of the struggle. The dwarf held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near, but to no purpose, for the fish pulled him where it liked, and he must soon have been drawn into the pond.

Luckily, just then the two maidens arrived, and tried to release the beard of the dwarf from the fishing-line, but it

was so entangled that they could not get it loose. So one of the maidens pulled out her scissors again and cut off another piece of the beard.

When the dwarf saw this done he flew into a great rage and exclaimed: "You donkey! that is the way to disfigure my face! Was it not enough to cut it once, but you must now take away the best part of my fine beard? I dare not show myself now to my own people. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before you had come here!" So saying, he took up a bag of pearls which lay among the rushes and, without speaking another word, slipped off and disappeared behind a stone.

Not many days after this the mother sent the two maidens to the next town to buy thread, needles, pins, laces, and ribbons.

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Their road passed over a common strewn with rocks. Just over their heads they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock.

Immediately afterwards they heard a piercing shriek, and, running up, they saw with affright that the eagle had caught their old acquaintance the dwarf and was trying to carry him off.

The compassionate children thereupon laid hold of the little man and held him fast till the bird gave up the struggle and flew off.

As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed in his squeaking voice: "Could you not hold me more gently? You have seized my fine brown coat in such a manner that it is all torn and full of holes, meddling

rubbish that you are!" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones and slipped away to his cave among the rocks.

The maidens were now accustomed to his ingratitude, and they walked on to the town. Going home they passed over the same common, and, unawares, walked up to a clean spot on which the dwarf had shaken out his bag of precious stones, thinking nobody was near.

The sun was shining, and the bright stones glittered in its beams, displaying such a variety of colors that the two maidens stopped to admire them.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" asked the dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage. He was still abusing the poor maidens, when a loud roaring was heard, and a great black bear came rolling out of the forest.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

The dwarf jumped up in terror, but he could not gain his hiding-place before the bear overtook him. Thereupon he cried out: "Spare me, my dear lord bear! I will give you all my treasures. See these beautiful precious stones which lie here. Only give me my life, for what have you to fear from a little weak fellow like me? You could not touch me with your big teeth. There are two wicked girls; take them. They would make nice morsels; they are as fat as young quails. Eat them, I beg!"

The bear, however, without troubling himself to speak, gave the bad-hearted dwarf a single blow with his paw, and he never stirred again.

The maidens were going to run away, but the bear called to them: "Snow-White and Rose-Red, fear not! Wait a bit, and I will go with you."

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They knew his voice and stopped; and as the bear approached them his rough coat suddenly fell off, and he stood up a tall man, dressed entirely in gold.

"I am a king's son," he said, "and was condemned by that wicked dwarf to wander about in this forest in the form of a bear till his death released me. He also stole all my treasures. Now he has his punishment."

Then they went home, and Snow-White was married to the prince, and Rose-Red to his brother. The mother lived happily for many years with her two children; and the rose trees which had stood before the cottage were planted near the palace, and every year produced beautiful red and white roses.



THE TWO BROTHERS

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers, one rich and the other poor. The rich man was a goldsmith and was very selfish, but the poor brother, who mended brooms, was honest and pious.

The poor man had two children—twins, as like one another as two drops of water—who used often to go to their rich uncle's house, where the cook would give them a dinner from pieces left by her master.

One day when the broom-mender went

into the woods for twigs he saw a golden bird, which was more beautiful than any bird he had ever before seen. He picked up a stone and flung it at the bird and hit it, but with so little force that only a single feather dropped off. This feather he took to his brother, who looked at it and said: "It is of pure gold! I will give you a good sum of money for it."

The next day the broom-mender climbed a birch tree to lop off a bough or two, when the same bird flew out of the branches, and as the man looked round he found a nest with an egg in it, and the egg was of pure gold. This he took to his brother, who gave him what it was worth, but said he must have the bird itself.

For the third time, now, the man went into the forest, and again saw the golden bird sitting upon a tree. Taking up a

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stone, he threw it and killed the bird, which he took to his brother, and received a large pile of gold for it. With this the man went home with a light heart.

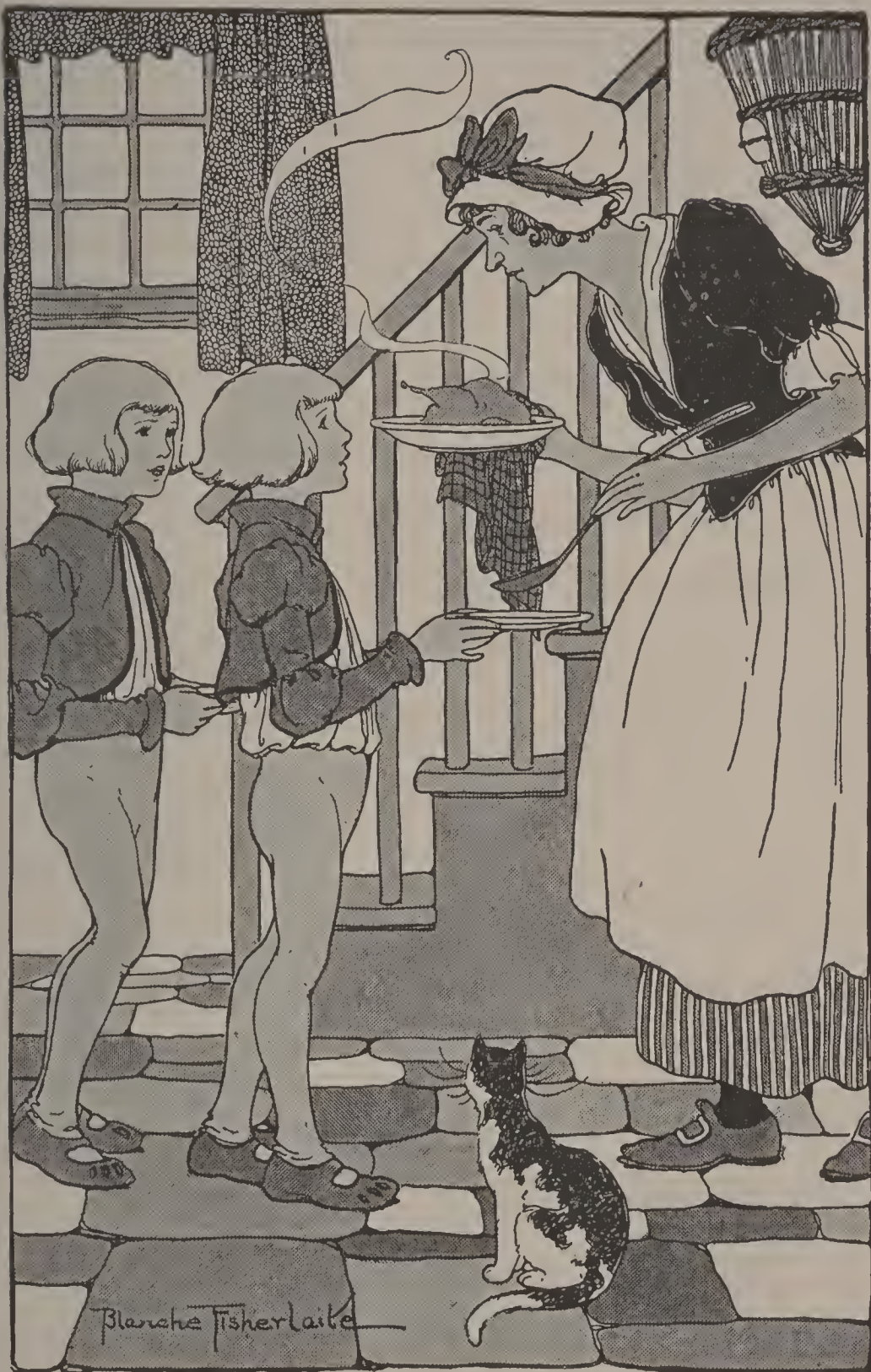
The goldsmith was crafty and knew very well what sort of a bird it was. He called his wife and said to her, "Roast this bird for me, and take care of whatever falls from it, for I have a mind to eat it by myself." Now, the bird was not a common one, for it was said that if anyone should eat its heart and liver he would find a gold piece under his pillow every morning.

The wife made the bird ready and, putting it on a spit, set it down to roast. While it was on the fire the two children of the poor broom-mender ran in, and two little tidbits fell out of the bird into the pan. These the goldsmith's wife gave to the children, not knowing their

magic powers, but in order that her husband might not miss them and fly in a passion she quickly killed a little chicken, and taking out its liver and heart put them inside the golden bird.

As soon as the bird was done she carried it to the goldsmith, who ate it quite alone and left nothing at all on the plate. The next morning, however, when he looked under his pillow to find the gold pieces, there was not the smallest one to be seen.

The two children did not know what good luck had befallen them, but when they got up the next morning two gold pieces fell ringing on the ground. These they took to their father, who hardly knew what he should do with them; but as the next morning the same thing happened, and so on every day, he went to his brother and told him the whole story.



The goldsmith knew at once that the children had eaten the heart and liver of his bird. In order to avenge himself, and because he was so hard-hearted, he told the father that his children were in league with evil spirits, and warned him not to take the gold, but to turn the children out of the house, for he said the Evil One had them in his power and would make them do some mischief.

The father feared the Evil One, and although it cost him a sharp pang he led his children out to the forest and with a sad heart left them there.

The two children ran about the wood seeking the road home, but they could not find it. At last they met a huntsman, who asked who they were.

"We are the children of the poor broom-mender," they replied. "Our father could no longer keep us at home,

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because a gold piece lay under our pillows every morning.”

“Well,” replied the huntsman, “that does not seem right, if you are honest and not idle.”

The good man, having no children of his own, took the twins home with him, because they pleased him, and told them he would be their father and bring them up.

With him they learned all kinds of hunting, and the gold pieces which they found each morning they laid aside against a rainy day.

When they became young men the huntsman took them into the forest, and said, “Today you must show me how well you can shoot, that I may make you free huntsmen like myself.”

So they went with him, and waited a long time, but no wild beast came. At last the huntsman, looking up, saw a

flock of wild geese flying over in the form of a triangle. "Shoot one from each corner," said he to the twins.

When they had done this another flock came flying over in the form of a figure 2, and from these they were also bidden to shoot one at each corner. When they had done this their foster father said, "I now make you free."

Then the two brothers went together into the forest to plan what they should do, and when at evening time they sat down to their meal they said to their foster father, "We shall not touch the least morsel of food till you have granted our request."

He asked them what it was, and they replied: "We have now learned everything you can teach us. Let us go into the world and see what we can do there, and let us set out at once."

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“You have spoken like brave hunters,” cried the old man with joy. “What you have asked is just what I wished. You can set out as soon as you like, for you will succeed.” Then they ate together once more in great joy.

When the day came for them to go the old huntsman gave to each youth a good rifle and a dog, and let them take from the gold pieces as many as they liked. Then he went with them a part of their way, and at parting he gave them a knife, saying: “If one of you should ever be lost, stick this knife in a tree by the roadside, and then, if the other returns to the same point, he can tell how his brother fares; for the side upon which there is a mark will rust if he dies, but as long as he lives it will be as bright as ever.”

The two brothers now went on till they came to a forest so large that they

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could not get out of it in one day. There they passed the night, and ate what they had in their pockets.

The second day they again walked on, but found no opening, and having nothing to eat, one said, "We must shoot something or we shall die of hunger," and he loaded his gun and looked around.

Just then an old hare came running up, at which he aimed, but it cried out :

"Dear huntsman, pray now let me live,
And I will two young lev'rets give."

So saying, it ran back into the brushwood and brought out two hares, which played about so prettily that the hunters could not make up their minds to kill them. So they took the hares with them.

Presently a fox came up, and as they were about to shoot him he cried out :

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“Dear hunters, pray now let me live,
And I will two young foxes give.”

These he brought, and the brothers, instead of killing them, put them with the young hares, and all four followed.

In a little while a wolf came out of the brushwood, at which the hunters also aimed; but, like the others, he cried out:

“Dear hunters, pray now let me live;
Two young ones, in return, I’ll give.”

The hunters placed the two wolves with the other animals, who still followed them.

Soon they met a bear, who also begged for his life, saying:

“Dear hunters, pray now let me live;
Two young ones, in return, I’ll give.”

The two bears were added to the others, which made eight animals.

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And now who came last? A lion, shaking his mane. The two brothers were not afraid, but aimed at him, and he cried:

“Dear hunters, pray now let me live;
Two young ones, in return, I'll give.”

The lion then brought his two young ones, and now the huntsmen had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two hares following and waiting upon them. But the brothers were hungry, having eaten nothing, and they said to the foxes, “Get us something to eat, for you are both sly and crafty.”

The foxes replied, “Not far from here lies a village where we can get many fowls, and we will show you the way there.” So they went into the village and got food.

As they walked on without finding any place where they could live together they decided to part. The two brothers

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therefore divided the beasts, each taking a lion, a bear, a wolf, a fox, and a hare. Then they said good-by, promising to love each other till death. The knife which their foster father gave them they stuck in a tree, so that one side pointed to the east and the other to the west.

The younger brother with his animals came to a town which was hung with black crape. He went into an inn and asked if he could lodge his beasts, and the landlord gave him a stable. In the wall was a hole through which the hare crept and took a cabbage; the fox caught himself a hen; but the lion, the bear, and the wolf, being too big for the hole, could get nothing.

Their master made the host fetch an ox for them, on which they feasted merrily, and then, having cared for his beasts, he asked the landlord why the

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town was all hung in mourning. The landlord replied that it was because the king's only daughter was to die the next day.

"Is she, then, sick unto death?" inquired the huntsman.

"No," replied the other, "she is well enough; but still she must die."

"How is that?" asked the huntsman.

"Out there before the town," said the landlord, "is a high mountain on which lives a dragon, who every year demands the sacrifice of a pure maiden. Should the king refuse, the monster would lay waste all the country. Now all the maidens have been given up, until there is but one left, the king's daughter, who must die, for there is no other way, and tomorrow morning it is to happen."

The huntsman asked, "Why does no one kill the dragon?"

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“Ah!” replied the landlord, “many knights have tried, but every one has lost his life. The king has promised his daughter and, after his death, his kingdom to anyone who will kill this dragon.”

The huntsman said nothing further at that time, but the next morning, taking with him his beasts, he climbed the dragon’s mountain.

A little way up stood a chapel, and upon an altar were three cups. By them was written, “Whoever drinks the contents of these cups will be the strongest man on earth and may take the sword which lies buried beneath the threshold.”

Without drinking, the huntsman sought and found the sword in the ground, but he could not move it from its place. So he drank out of the cups, and then he easily pulled out the sword,

and was so strong that holding it with one hand only he waved it about like a feather.

When the hour came at which the maiden should be given over to the dragon, the king and all his court went with her. From a distance they saw the huntsman upon the mountain and took him for the dragon waiting for them, and so dared not ascend; but at last, because the whole city must otherwise have been killed, the princess made the dreadful ascent alone. The king and his men went home full of grief, but the marshal had to stop and watch it all from a distance.

When the king's daughter reached the top of the hill she found the young hunter there instead of the dragon. The hunter said that he would save her, and led her into the chapel and shut her up there.

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In a short time the seven-headed dragon came up roaring with an awful noise, but when he saw the hunter he was afraid and asked, "What do you here on my mountain?"

The hunter replied that he came to fight him, and the dragon said, breathing out fire from his seven jaws as he spoke, "Many a knight has already left his life behind him, and you I will soon kill as dead as they."

The fire from his throat set the grass in a blaze, and the smoke would have choked the hunter had not his beasts come running up and stamped it out.

The dragon made a dart at the hunter, but he swung his sword round so that it whistled in the air and cut off three of the beast's heads. The dragon now became furious and raised himself in the air, spitting out fire over his enemy, try-

ing in every way to overthrow him; but the hunter, springing on one side, raised his sword again and cut off three more of the dragon's heads.

The beast was half killed with this, and sank down; but he tried once more to catch the hunter. The hunter beat him off and, with his last strength, cut off the dragon's tail. Then, being unable to fight longer, he called his beasts, who came and tore the dragon to pieces.

As soon as the battle was over, the hunter unlocked the chapel, where he found the princess lying on the floor. She had fainted with terror while the contest was going on. The hunter carried her out, and when she came to herself and opened her eyes, he showed her the dragon torn to pieces, and said she was now safe forever. She rejoiced at the sight and said, "Now you will be my

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husband, for my father has promised me to him who should kill the dragon.”

So saying, she took off her necklace of coral and divided it among the beasts for a reward, the lion having the gold snap for his share. But her handkerchief, on which her name was marked, she presented to the huntsman, who cut the tongues from the dragon’s seven mouths and, wrapping them in the handkerchief, kept them with great care.

All this being done, the hunter felt so wearied by the battle with the dragon and the fire that he said to the princess, “Since we are both so tired, let us sleep awhile.” They lay down on the ground, and the hunter bade the lion watch them.

Soon they were sound asleep, and the lion, who was also weary with fighting, said to the bear, “Do you lie down near me, for I must sleep a bit; but wake me

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if anyone comes.” So the bear did as he was bidden, but soon getting tired, he asked the wolf to watch for him. Before long the wolf called the fox, and said: “Do watch for me a little while; I want to have a nap. You can call me if anyone comes.”

The fox lay down beside the wolf, but soon felt so tired himself that he called the hare and asked him to take his place and watch while he slept a little. The hare came and, lying down too, soon felt very sleepy; but he had no one to call in his place, and he soon fell asleep and began to snore. Here, then, were sleeping the princess, the huntsman, the lion, the bear, the wolf, the fox, and the hare; and all were very sound asleep.

The marshal, who had been set to watch below, had not seen the dragon fly away with the princess, and all

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seemed so very quiet that he took heart and climbed the mountain.

There lay the dragon on the ground, torn to pieces, and not far off the king's daughter and the huntsman with his beasts, all in a deep sleep.

Now the marshal was very wicked, and with his sword he cut off the head of the huntsman, and taking the maiden under his arm carried her down the mountain. At this she awoke in great fright, and the marshal cried to her, "You are in my hands; you must say that it was I who killed the dragon."

"That I cannot," she replied, "for a hunter and his animals did it."

Then he drew his sword and told her he would kill her if she did not obey. He then brought her before the king, who went almost beside himself with joy at again seeing his dear daughter.

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The marshal told the king that he had killed the dragon and freed the princess and the whole kingdom, and he must have her for a wife, as it had been promised.

The king asked his daughter if it were true.

"Ah, yes," she replied, "it must be so; but the wedding shall not take place for a year and a day." For she thought to herself that perhaps in that time she might hear some news of her dear huntsman.

On the dragon's mountain the animals still lay asleep beside their dead master, when a great bee came and settled on the hare's nose, but he lifted his paw and brushed it off. The bee came a second time, but the hare brushed it off again and went to sleep. For the third time the bee settled, and stung the hare's nose so that he woke. As soon as he had risen

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and shaken himself he awoke the fox, the fox awoke the wolf, the wolf awoke the bear, and the bear awoke the lion.

As soon as the lion got up and saw that the maiden was gone and his dear master dead, he began to roar fearfully, and asked: "Who has done this? Bear, why did you not wake me?" The bear asked the wolf, "Why did you not wake me?" the wolf asked the fox, "Why did you not wake me?" and the fox asked the hare, "Why did you not wake me?" The poor hare alone had nothing to answer, and the blame was laid upon him. The others would have fallen upon him, but he begged for his life, saying: "Do not kill me and I will restore our dear master to life. I know a hill where grows a root that will heal all diseases and wounds. But this hill lies two hundred hours' journey from here."

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The lion said, "You must go and return in four and twenty hours, bringing the root with you."

The hare ran off and in four and twenty hours came back with the root in his mouth. Now the lion put the huntsman's head again to his body, while the hare applied the root to the wound; and the huntsman began to revive, his heart beat, and life returned.

The huntsman now awoke, and seeing that the maiden was no longer with him, he thought to himself, "While I slept, perhaps she ran away to get rid of me."

In his haste the lion had set his master's head on the wrong way; but the hunter, thinking so much about the princess, did not find it out till midday, when he wanted to eat. Then, when he wished to help himself, he found his head was turned to his back, and he asked the

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animals what had happened in his sleep, for he remembered nothing.

The lion told him that from weariness they had all gone to sleep, and that on awaking they had found him dead, with his head cut off; that the hare had fetched the life-root, but in his great haste he had turned his master's head the wrong way, but that he would make it all right again in no time. So saying, the lion cut off the huntsman's head and turned it round, while the hare healed the wound with the root.

After this the hunter became very dull, and went about from place to place letting his animals dance to the people for show.

A year passed, and he came again into the same town where he had saved the princess from the dragon, and this time it was hung all over with scarlet cloth.

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He asked the landlord of the inn: "What means this? A year ago the city was hung with black crape, and today it is all in red!"

The landlord replied, "A year ago our king's daughter was given to the dragon, but our marshal fought with it and slew it, now they are to be married. Before, the town was hung with crape in token of grief, but today it is hung with scarlet cloth to show our joy."

When the wedding was to take place, the huntsman said to the landlord, "Believe it or not, mine host, but today I shall eat bread at the same table with the king!"

Then, calling the hare, he said, "Go, dear jumper, and bring me a bit of bread such as the king eats."

Now the hare was the smallest, and could not trust his business to anyone

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else, but was obliged to make himself ready to go. "Oh!" thought he, "if I jump along the streets alone, the dogs will come out after me."

While he stood thinking, the dogs came behind and were about to seize him for a choice morsel, but he made a spring (had you but seen it!) and ran into a sentry box without the knowledge of the soldier. The dogs came and tried to hunt him out, but the soldier beat them off with a club, so that they ran howling and barking away.

As soon as the hare saw the coast clear, he ran up to the castle and into the room where the princess was and, getting under her stool, began to scratch her foot.

The princess said impatiently, "Will you be quiet?" thinking it was her dog.

Then the hare scratched her foot a second time, and she said again, "Will

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you be quiet?" but the hare would not leave off, and a third time he scratched her foot; and now she peeped down and knew the hare by his necklace. She took him up in her arms and carried him into her chamber, saying, "Dear hare, what do you want?"

The hare replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and sent me. I am come for a piece of bread such as the king eats."

At these words the princess became very glad, and bade her servant bring her a piece of bread such as the king had. When it was brought, the hare said, "The baker must carry it for me, or the dogs will seize it." So the baker carried it to the door of the inn, where the hare got upon his hind legs, took the bread in his forepaws, and carried it to his master.

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The landlord wondered very much, but the huntsman said further, "Yes, I have got the king's bread, and now I will have some of his meat." And calling the fox, he said, "My dear fox, go and fetch me some of the meat which the king is to eat today."

The fox, who was more cunning than the hare, went through the lanes and alleys, without seeing a dog, straight to the royal palace and into the room of the princess, under whose stool he crept.

Presently he scratched her foot, and the princess, looking down, knew the fox by her necklace, so she asked, "What do you want, dear fox?"

The fox replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and sent me to beg a piece of meat such as the king will eat today."

The princess called the cook and made him prepare a dish of meat like the king's, and when it was ready she bade him carry it for the fox to the door of the inn. There the fox took the dish himself, and, first driving the flies away with a whisk of his tail, carried it to the hunter.

"See here, master landlord," said the hunter; "here are the bread and meat. Now I will have the same fruit as the king eats."

He called the wolf, and said, "Dear wolf, go and fetch me some fruit the same as the king eats today."

The wolf went straight to the castle, like a person who feared nobody, and when he came into the princess's chamber he plucked at her clothes so that she looked round. The maiden knew the wolf by his necklace, and took him with



her into her room and said, "Dear wolf, what do you want?"

The beast replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me for some fruit like that the king eats today."

Then she bade the cook prepare a dish of fruit the same as the king's and carry it to the inn door for the wolf, who took it of her and bore it in to his master.

The hunter said, "See here, my host; now I have bread, meat, and fruit the same as the king's, but I will also have the same sweetmeats."

Then he called to the bear, "Dear bear, go and fetch me some sweetmeats like those the king has for his dinner today, for you like sweet things."

The bear rolled along up to the castle, while everyone got out of his way; but when he came to the guard, the guard

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pointed his gun at him and would not let him pass into the royal rooms. The bear, however, got up on his hind legs and gave the guard a box on the ears with his paw, which knocked him down; and then he went straight to the room of the princess and, getting behind her, growled slightly.

She looked round and saw the bear, whom she took into her own chamber and asked him what he came for.

“My master, who slew the dragon, is here,” said he, “and has sent me for some sweetmeats such as the king eats.”

The princess called the sugar-baker and bade him prepare sweetmeats like those the king had and carry them for the bear to the inn. There the bear took charge of them and, first licking off the sugar which had boiled over, took them in to his master.

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"See here, friend landlord," said the huntsman; "now I have bread, meat, fruit, and sweetmeats from the table of the king, but I mean also to drink his wine."

He called the lion and said, "Dear lion, go and fetch me wine like that the king drinks."

The lion strode through the town, where all the people made way for him. At the castle the watchmen tried to stop him at the gates; but he gave a little bit of a roar, and they were so frightened that they all ran away. He walked on to the royal chamber and knocked with his tail at the door. When the princess opened it she was at first frightened to see a lion; but, soon knowing him by the gold snap of her necklace which he wore, she took him into her room and asked, "Dear lion, what do you wish?"

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The lion replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me for wine like that the king drinks at his own table."

The princess called the butler and told him to give the lion wine such as the king drank. But the lion said, "I will go down with you and see that I have the right kind."

When they found the wine he bade the butler fill six bottles with it, and the lion, taking the basket in his mouth, carried it to his master.

The hunter called the landlord, and said, "See here! now I have bread, meat, fruit, sweetmeats, and wine, the very same as the king will himself eat today, and so I will make my dinner with my animals."

They sat down and ate, for the hunter gave the hare, the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the lion their share of the

good things, and he was very happy, for he felt that the king's daughter still loved him.

When he had finished his meal he said to the landlord, "Now, as I have eaten and drunk the same things as the king, I will even go to the royal palace and marry the princess."

The landlord said, "How can that be, for she is to marry the marshal today?"

Then the hunter drew out the handkerchief which the king's daughter had given him on the dragon's mountain, and wherein the seven tongues of the dragon's seven heads were wrapped, and said, "This shall help me to do it."

The landlord looked at the handkerchief and said, "If I believe all that has been done, still I cannot believe that."

Meantime the king asked his daughter, "What do all these wild beasts mean

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who have come to you today and passed in and out of my castle?"

She replied, "I dare not tell you, but send and let the master of these beasts be brought, and you will do well."

The king sent a servant to the inn to invite the strange man to come.

Then said the hunter, "See, mine host, the king even sends a servant to invite me to come, but I do not go yet." And to the servant he said, "I beg that the king will send me royal clothes, and a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait on me."

When the king heard this answer he said to his daughter, "What shall I do?"

"Do as he desires, and you will do well," she replied.

So the king sent a suit of royal clothes, a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait upon the man.

When the hunter saw them coming he said to the landlord, "See here, I am treated just as I desired to be," and putting on the royal clothes he took the handkerchief with him and drove to the king.

When the king saw the hunter coming he asked his daughter how he should receive him, and she said, "Go out to meet him, and you will do well."

So the king met the hunter and led him into the palace, the animals following. The king showed him a seat near himself and his daughter, and the marshal sat upon the other side.

Now, against the wall was placed the seven-headed dragon, stuffed as if it were yet alive; and the king said, "The seven heads of that dragon were cut off by our marshal."

Then the hunter rose up, and opening the seven jaws of the dragon asked

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where were the seven tongues. This frightened the marshal, and he turned pale as death, but at last he said, "Dragons have no tongues."

The hunter replied, "*Liars* should have none, but the dragon's tongues are the trophies of the dragon-slayer." So saying, he unwrapped the handkerchief, and there lay the seven tongues. He put one into each mouth of the monster, and they fitted exactly. Then he took the handkerchief, upon which the princess's name was marked, and showed it to her and asked her to whom she had given it, and she replied, "To him who slew the dragon."

Then he called his beasts, and taking from each the necklace, and from the lion the golden snap, he put them together and, showing them also to the princess, asked to whom they belonged.

The princess said, "The necklace and the snap were mine, and I shared it among the animals who helped to conquer the dragon."

Then the huntsman said: "When I was sleeping after the fight the marshal came and cut off my head, and then took away the princess, and gave out that it was he who killed the dragon. I show these tongues, this necklace, and this handkerchief for proofs that he has lied."

He told how the beasts had cured him with a wonderful root, and that for a year he had wandered, and at last had come back when he had learned from the innkeeper of the marshal's deceit.

The king then asked his daughter, "Is it true that this man killed the dragon?"

"Yes," she replied, "it is true; but I dared not tell the wicked deeds of the

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marshal, because he said if I did he would kill me at once.”

After these words the king called twelve wise men to judge the marshal, and these agreed that he should be banished.

Then the king gave his daughter to the huntsman.

The wedding was a joyful one, and the young king caused his father and his foster father to be brought to him and loaded them with presents.

The young king and queen were now very happy. The young king often went out hunting, and the faithful animals always went with him.

There was a forest close by which was said to be haunted, and if one entered it he did not easily get out again. The young king took a great fancy to hunt in it.

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One day he rode with a great company of knights and gentlemen, and as he came near the forest he saw a snow-white doe going into it; so, telling his men to await his return, he rode off among the trees, only his faithful beasts going with him.

The men of the court waited and waited until evening, but the young king did not return; so they rode home and told the young queen that her husband had ridden into the forest in pursuit of a white doe and had not come out again. The news made her very anxious about him.

The young king, however, had ridden farther and farther into the wood after the beautiful animal without catching it. When he thought it was within range of his gun, with one spring it got away, till at last it went quite out of sight.

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Then, for the first time, he saw how deeply he had plunged into the thicket; and taking his horn he blew a blast on it, but there was no answer, for his people could not hear it. Soon night began to close in; and, seeing that he could not get home that day, he built a fire and made ready to pass the night there.

While he sat by the fire, with his beasts lying near him, he thought he heard a human voice, but on looking round he could see nobody. Soon after, he heard a groan as if from a box and, looking up, saw an old woman sitting in a tree, who was groaning and crying, "Oh, oh, oh, how I do freeze!"

The young king called out, "Come down and warm yourself if you freeze."

But the old woman said, "No; your beasts will bite me."

The young king replied, "They will

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not harm you, my good lady, if you come down. There is nothing to fear."

But she was a witch, and said, "I will throw you down a twig, with which, if you beat upon their backs, they can then do me no harm."

The young king did as she asked, and the animals lay down quietly enough, for they were changed into stones.

Now when the old woman was safe from the animals, she sprang down, and touching the young king with a twig, turned him also into a stone. Then she laughed to herself, and buried him and his beasts in a grave.

Meantime the young queen grew more and more anxious and sad because her husband did not return.

Just at this time the other brother came into her kingdom. He had been seeking and had found no service to



enter, and was therefore traveling through the country, making his animals dance for a living.

Once he thought he would go and look for the knife which they had stuck in a tree, in order to see how his brother fared. When he looked at it, lo! his brother's side was half rusty and half bright, and he thought his brother had fallen into some great trouble; but he hoped yet to save him, since one half of the knife was bright.

So he went with his beasts toward the west; and as he came to the city the watch went out to him and asked if he should tell the queen that he had come, for she had for two days been in great sorrow and distress at his absence and feared he had been killed in the enchanted wood.

The watchman thought he was none

THE TWO BROTHERS

other than the young king, he was so much like him and had also the same wild beasts with him.

The huntsman saw that the man was speaking of his brother, but thought it was for the best that he should give himself out as his brother, for so, perhaps, he might more easily save him.

He went with the watchman into the castle, and was received with great joy, for the young queen also thought he was the king, and asked him where he had stayed so long. He said he had been lost in a wood and could not find his way out any earlier.

He rested at home a few days, but was always asking about the enchanted wood. At last he said, "I must hunt there again."

The king and the young queen begged him not to go, but he went with a great number of servants.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

As soon as he got into the wood he saw a white hind. He told his people to wait where they were while he hunted the wild animal, and he rode off, his beasts following him. But he could not catch the hind any more than his brother could; and he went so deep into the wood that he had to pass the night there.

As soon as he had made a fire he heard someone groaning, and saying, "Oh, oh, oh, how I do freeze!"

Then he looked up, and there sat the same old witch in the tree, and he said to her, "If you freeze, old woman, why don't you come down and warm yourself?"

The old woman replied, "Because your beasts would bite me; but if you will beat them with a twig which I will throw down to you, they can do me no harm."

When the hunter heard this he

THE TWO BROTHERS

doubted the old woman, and said to her, "I do not beat my beasts; so come down, or I will fetch you."

But the old woman called out: "What are you thinking of? You can do nothing to me."

The hunter answered, "Come down, or I will shoot you."

The old woman laughed, and said: "Shoot away! I am not afraid of your bullets!"

The hunter knelt down and shot, but the old woman was bullet-proof; and, laughing, she called out, "You cannot catch me."

However, the hunter knew a trick or two, and tearing three silver buttons from his coat, he loaded his gun with them. While he was ramming them down, the old witch threw herself from the tree with a loud shriek, for she was

not proof against such shot. The hunter placed his foot upon her neck and said, "Old witch, if you do not tell me quickly where my brother is, I will tie your hands together and throw you into the fire!"

She begged for mercy and said, "He is turned into stone and lies in the grave with his beasts."

Then the hunter forced her to go with him, saying: "You old wretch! Now turn my brother and all the creatures which lie here into their proper forms, or I will throw you into the fire!"

The old witch took a twig and turned the stones back to what they formerly were; and there before the huntsman stood his brother and the beasts, as well as many merchants, workpeople, and shepherds, who, delighted with their freedom, returned home. But the twin

THE TWO BROTHERS

brothers, when they saw each other again, kissed and embraced and were very happy.

They seized the old witch, bound her, and laid her on the fire. When she was burned, the forest itself sank into the earth, and all was clear and free from trees, so that one could see the royal palace, only three miles distant.

Now the two brothers went home together, and the younger brother said: "You see that we both have on royal robes, and both have the same beasts following us. We will therefore enter the city at opposite gates and arrive at the same time before the king."

Then they parted; and at the same moment a watchman from each gate came to the king and told him that the young king, with the beasts, had returned from the hunt.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

The king said, "It is not possible, for your two gates are a mile apart!"

But in the meantime the two brothers had arrived in the castle yard and began to mount the stairs.

When they entered, the king said to his daughter, "Tell me which is your husband, for one appears to me the same as the other, and I cannot tell."

The young queen was in great trouble, for she could not tell which was which. At last she bethought herself of the necklace which she had given to the beasts, and she looked and found on one of the lions her golden snap, and then she cried, "He to whom this lion belongs is my rightful husband."

Then the young king laughed and said, "Yes, that is right." And they sat down together at table, and ate and drank and were very merry.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON

THERE was once an old man whose eyes had become very dim, his limbs trembled so that he stumbled as he walked, and when he sat at table his hands shook so that he sometimes spilled his food on the cloth.

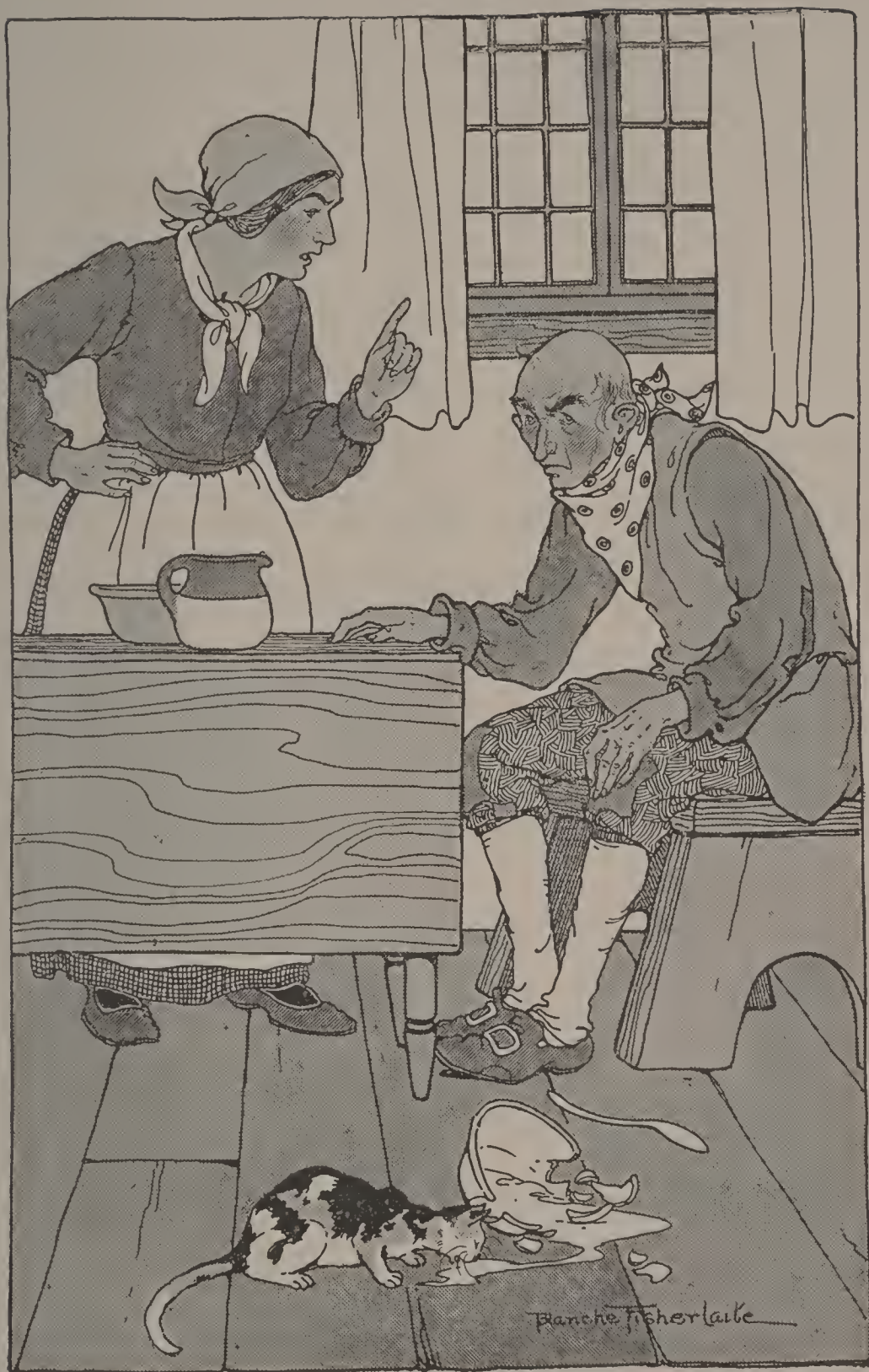
This so vexed the old man's son and daughter-in-law that finally they would not have him at the table with the family, but obliged him to sit in a corner and eat his soup from a bowl. Sometimes tears filled his eyes as he looked long-

ingly at the group surrounding the table, especially at his little grandson, who ate soup with a spoon, while he must drink his from a coarse bowl.

One day the old man was so weak and trembling that he dropped the bowl on the floor, and it was broken into many pieces. The next day he was given a wooden bowl, with unkind words about his not being fit to be trusted with earthenware.

His little grandson heard all this, but said not a word, either to his mother or to his grandfather. But the next day the little boy was very busy gathering bits of board and trying to nail them together.

His father said, "What are you trying to make, my son?" and the child answered, "I am making a trough for you and mother to eat from when you are old



like grandfather and I am as big as you are. See what a fine trough it is."

The husband and wife looked at each other in astonishment, while tears filled their eyes, and at the next meal grandfather and grandson were seated beside each other at the family table. Never again was the old man rebuked for spilling his broth or dropping his spoon.



THE SIX SWANS

THERE was a king who had seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he loved above everything else in the world. He became afraid that some great evil might happen to them, so he took them away to a lonely castle which stood in the midst of a forest.

This castle was so hidden that he himself could not have found it if a wise woman had not given him a ball of cotton which unrolled when he threw it before him, showing him the right path.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

The king went so often to see his dear children that an evil person wished to know why he went to the forest. So she gave his servants money, and they told her the secret, and also told her of the ball of cotton which alone could show her the way.

The woman had now no peace until she found this ball. Then she made some fine silken shirts and sewed within each one a charm. One day soon after, when the king had gone out hunting, she took the little shirts and went into the forest, and the cotton showed her the path.

The children, seeing someone coming in the distance, thought it was their dear father, and ran out toward her full of joy. Then she threw over each of them a shirt, which, as it touched their bodies, changed them into swans, which flew away over the forest. Happily the little

THE SIX SWANS

girl had remained in the castle, and so she was not changed.

The next day the king went to visit his children, but he found only the maiden.

“Where are your brothers?” asked he.

“Ah, dear father,” she replied, “they have gone away and left me alone.” And she told him how she had looked out of the window and had seen them changed into swans, which had flown over the forest; and then she showed him some feathers which they had dropped in the yard, for she had saved every one.

The king was much grieved, and feared the girl might also be stolen away, so he took her with him.

The poor maiden thought to herself, “This is no longer my place; I will go and seek my brothers.” And when night came she went deep into the wood.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

She walked all night and most of the next day, until her feet were so sore that she could go no further. Just then she saw a rude hut. She walked in and found a room with six little beds. She dared not get into one, but crept under, and lying down upon the hard earth thought she would pass the night there. Just as the sun was setting she heard a rustling and saw six white swans come flying in at the window.

The swans settled on the ground and began blowing one another until they had blown all their feathers off, and their swan's-down dropped off like a shirt. Then the maiden knew them at once for her brothers, and gladly crept out from under the bed, and the brothers were not less glad to see their sister.

"But here you must not stay," said they; "this is a robbers' hiding-place."

THE SIX SWANS

“Can you not protect me, then?” asked the sister.

“No,” they replied; “we can lay aside our swan’s feathers for only a quarter of an hour each evening. For that time we regain our human form, but afterwards we are again changed into swans.”

Their sister then asked them, with tears, “Can you not be my brothers again?”

“Oh, no,” replied they. “The task is too hard. For six long years you must neither speak nor laugh, and during that time you must sew for us six little shirts of star-flowers. Should there fall a single word from your lips all your labor will be vain.”

Just as the brothers said this the quarter of an hour came to an end, and they all flew out of the window again as swans.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

The little sister made a solemn promise to herself that she would save her brothers, or die in the attempt. So she left the cottage and, going deep into the forest, passed the night in the branches of a tree. The next morning she went out and gathered the star-flowers to sew.

She had no one to talk with, and she had no spirits for laughing, so there in the tree she sat, intent upon her work. After she had passed some time thus, the king of that country, who was hunting in the forest with his men, came under the tree in which the maiden sat.

They called to her and asked, "Who art thou?" But she gave no answer. "Come down to us; we will do thee no harm." She simply shook her head, and when they pressed her further with questions she threw down to them her gold necklace, hoping they would go away.

THE SIX SWANS

But they did not leave her. Then she threw down her girdle, but in vain.

At last one of the hunters climbed the tree, brought down the maiden, and took her before the king.

The king asked: "Who art thou? What doest thou in that tree?" But she did not answer.

The maiden was so beautiful that the king's heart was touched, and he put his cloak around her and, placing her before him on his horse, took her to his castle. There he had rich clothing made for her. Although her beauty shone as the sunbeams, not a word would she speak. The king kept her by his side, and her gentle manners so won him that he said, "This maiden will I marry, and no other."

Now the king had wicked subjects who spoke evil of the young queen.

"Who knows whence she comes?" said they. "She who cannot speak is not worthy of a king." Much evil was said of her, but the king would not believe it. At last her enemies became so many because she would not tell the secret of her sewing in constant silence that even the king's power could not save her from harm, and it was decreed that she should be put to death.

When the time came for the queen to die, it happened that the very day had come when her brothers should be freed. The shirts were ready, all but the last, which lacked the left sleeve. As she was led to the scaffold she placed them upon her arm. Just as she mounted it, and the fire was about to be kindled, she saw six swans come flying through the air.

Her heart leaped for joy as she saw her brothers coming. Soon the swans



Blanche Fisher Laite

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

alighted so near that she was able to throw over them the shirts, which caused their feathers to fall off, and the brothers stood up alive and well; but the youngest had a swan's wing instead of his left arm.

The queen could defend herself now, and the people believed her innocent as soon as they saw the swans changed into six noblemen by the work she had done in silence at the risk of her life.

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